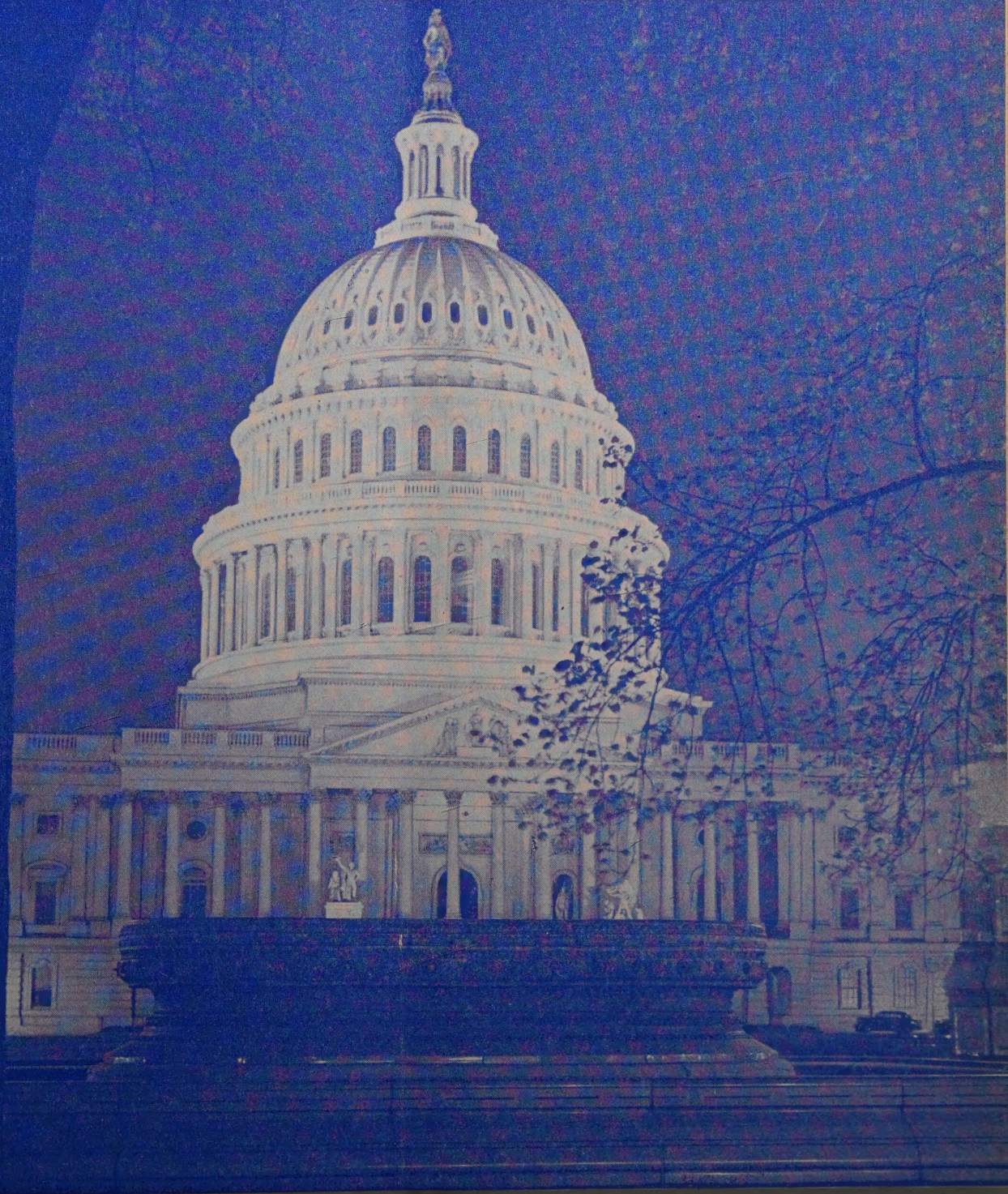


The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- **So You Want a Christian Home—***Idris W. and Elizabeth N. Jones*
- **Let's Move to the Country—***Anna Laura Gebhard*

JULY, 1953 • 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

IDA PARKER BIEBER, *Assistant Editor*

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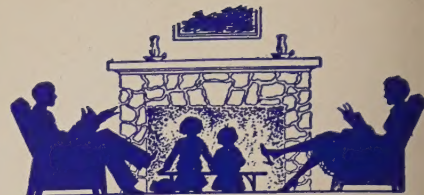
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Today's Citizens

Again, a patriotic theme on our July Cover. We selected a picture of the U. S. Capitol, not because it's pretty enough "for framing," not because it had a profound influence on governmental architecture everywhere. We chose it to bring inspiration to today's citizens.

Today's citizens, impatient, restless, and be-gad-ged, clamor for speed and progress. They swing rapidly from arm-to-the-hilt militarism, to blind complacency, even in the face of the same relentless enemy of our political, economic, and religious institutions.

In contrast, our capitol exemplifies sturdiness, stability, and, yes, adaptability. Originally designed as the seat of government for a population less than Chicago's, it now houses the governing bodies of a people forty times as numerous, for, about seventy years after the first plans were drawn, it was remodeled and enlarged. Originally situated near the center of our land, it now high lights the eastern fringe of a nation that stretches across a continent.

But, today's citizens, what ideas come to your minds as you gaze upon its beauty and contemplate its past? Do the ascending lines of its great dome lead your thoughts Godward?

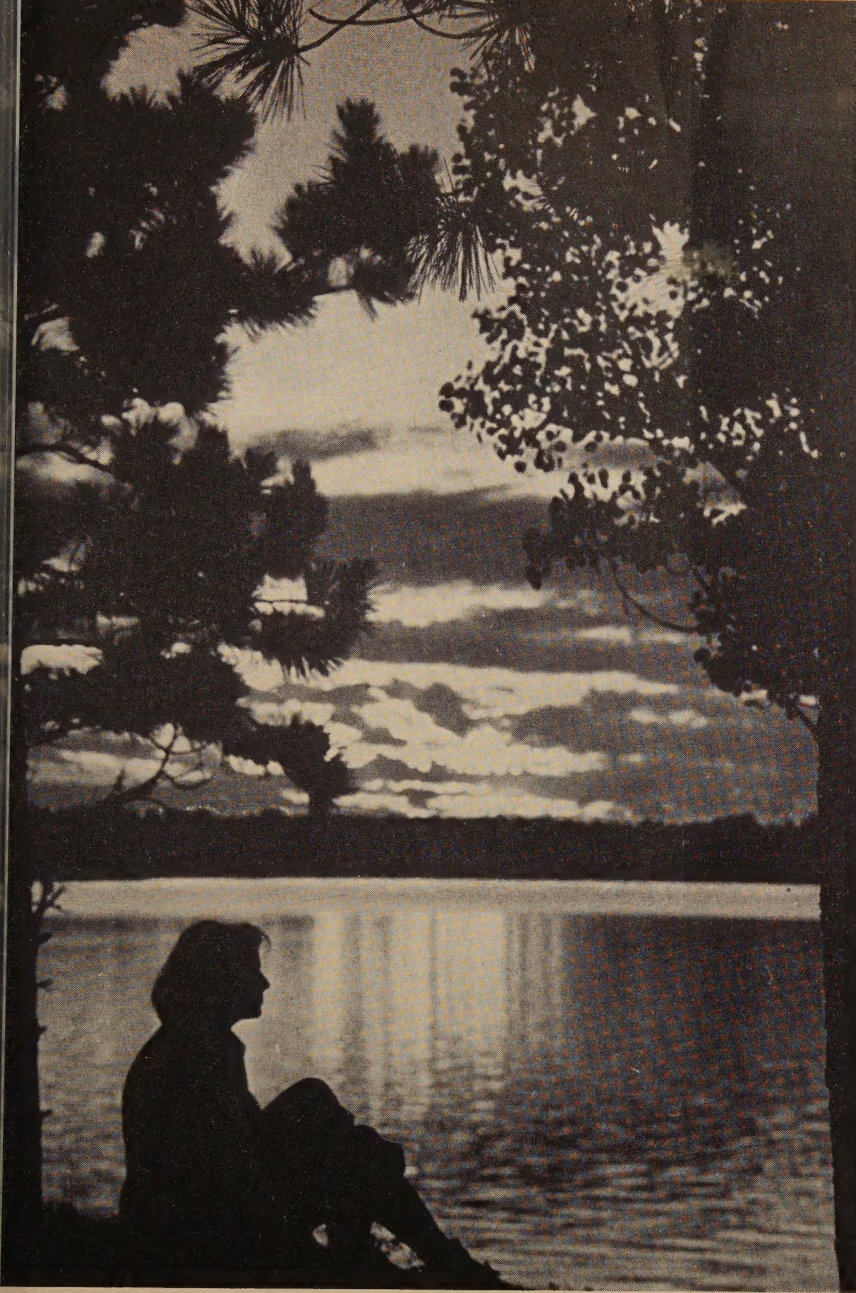
● **This Issue . . .** To encourage youths to enter the legal profession, and to restate the high principles of its leaders, a practicing lawyer has contributed "The Christian in the Legal Profession." To help Christian parents realize their goals, we offer "So You Want a Christian Home!" and "Nine Points of Emphasis in Family Life Education." Ralph Steiger, chaplain of the Peddie School, Highstown, New Jersey, gives parents something to think about in "Camp Confidences." And so does Janice McDonald, in "Your Father and I . . ." Before your family council completes Fourth of July plans, read "Safe and Sane, or Wild and Woolly."

● **Next Month . . .** More Fourth of July spirit in "Democracy Is Home-made." Edith F. Osteyee, to get round-peg children into round holes, has written, "Doing What Comes Naturally." Preparing Johnny for the first day of school; the four Browns and their television set; a family and the Sermon on the Mount—all these sparkle in our August issue.

—I. P. B.

Picture Credits

Winston Pope from A. Devaney, cover; Religious News Service; pages 1, 15, 18, 19 (right), 23; Harold M. Lambert, 5, 19 (left), 26; Gedge Harmon, 10; Clark and Clark, 24.



A Word from The Word

A Nation's Debt to God

"For the LORD your God is bringing you into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and springs, flowing forth in valleys and hills, a land of wheat and barley, of vines and fig trees and pomegranates, a land of olive trees and honey, a land in which you will eat bread without scarcity, in which you will lack nothing, a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills you can dig copper. And you shall eat and be full, and you shall bless the LORD your God for the good land he has given you.

"Beware lest you say in your heart, 'My power and the might of my hand have gotten me this wealth.' You shall remember the LORD your God, for it is he who gives you power to get wealth; that he may confirm his covenant which he swore to your fathers, as at this day. And if you forget the LORD your God and go after other gods and serve them and worship them, I solemnly warn you this day that you shall surely perish. Like the nations that the LORD makes to perish before you, so shall you perish, because you would not obey the voice of the LORD your God."

—Deuteronomy 8:7-10, 17-20

By Kenneth W. Sollitt

Minister of the First Baptist
Church of Mendota, Illinois



Safe and
or Wild

*On Fourth of July, may we celebrate our liberty,
but without death or injury.*

*In a real-enough-to-be-true story,
the author here suggests
a novel plan of neighborhood action*

BETH MOORE looked over the shoulder of her young son as he labored over his soap-carving. It was hard work with that crippled right hand, but in the eleven months since the accident Ronnie had done wonders with that left hand of his. Mrs. Moore was as proud of Ronnie as she was sorry for him.

Before him on the table was a picture of the Liberty Bell. He was faithfully reproducing it in three dimensions and doing a good job of it, too. It would soon be complete, even to the jagged crack in its side which Beth couldn't help noticing roughly resembled the scar on Ronnie's arm. Poor Ronnie, Beth thought, if he had only been carving Liberty Bells out of soap last Independence Day instead of playing with fireworks, that right hand would still have been as good as the other. Of course, carving soap is pretty tame for red-blooded young Americans like Ronnie, but surely there must be some better way of celebrating Independence Day than by blowing one's hands off with firecrackers, or wiping out whole families with useless holiday auto accidents—ways that would be real fun for the whole family.

Ronnie sensed his mother's presence behind him. Without looking up from his work, he said, "Pretty good, eh, Ma? It looks real enough to ring."

"It's wonderful! I wish I could do as well," Beth said wistfully, and she began turning the problem over in her mind. How could she plan a celebration of Independence Day that would be fun for everyone and would at the same time make the old Liberty Bell ring? And that's how the idea of the Block Party was born.

Beth and Mr. Moore talked it over that night after Ronnie had gone to bed and before Libby came home from her date. Beth brought up the matter. It was

time they began planning for the summer, she said. The Fourth of July was just around the next curve in the road. Ray Moore glanced at his wife and knew what she was thinking. Would the Fourth of July ever be any fun for them again? Or would it always be haunted by the memory of last year's accident?

"This year the Fourth for us must be safe and sane, not wild and woolly," Beth declared.

"What'll we do," Ray asked with a note of helplessness in his voice, "stay home and eat red-white-and-blue ice cream?"

"Well," Beth said, "I've been thinking. Ronnie put an idea in my head today when he said he was going to make a Liberty Bell that would really ring. Isn't there some way that we can make good will and friendliness and good old-fashioned patriotism ring in the hearts of our neighbors this Fourth of July without fire works, or long auto trips? Couldn't we have a Block Party?"

"What on earth is a Block Party?" Ray asked.

"Ray, there are four in our family and we enjoy doing things together. Of course, Libby will want to spend the day with Johnny and heaven knows where he'll take her, or whether they'll get back safely. And do you realize we hardly know Johnny's folks, even though they live right on our block? In fact, there are other families in the block we don't know at all." Beth's eyes were shining as she began to unfold the plans she had been dreaming. She found Ray a sympathetic listener and a co-operative promoter. And that's what made our Block Party the grand success that it was.

The morning of July Fourth dawned bright and sunny. Long before dawn the holiday traffic was speeding past and before noon the ambulance had gone by twice, its sirens screaming. But there were no casualties in our block, thanks to the concern, the resourcefulness and the work of Beth and Ray Moore and some of the rest of us.

Beth had invited every woman in the block in for tea and had outlined her plans. Ray had talked to

ane

and Woolly?

the men. But they did not impose their plans upon us. We worked things out as in an old-fashioned town meeting of 175 years ago. As a result, ours was, first of all, the best-decorated block in town. That was my suggestion. We let the kids do the decorating and they enjoyed it as much as the usual fireworks. Even their pets had ribbons of red, white and blue around their necks. There were flags of every size and a parade of decorated bikes and coaster wagons.

After the parade was over each family had a quiet time in their own home reviewing together the real meaning of the birthday of our nation. I don't know what happened in the other houses on our block but at our house, when we got to thinking about the real meaning of the day and the blessings of liberty, it turned into a thanksgiving service.

In the afternoon the hilarious time came when the block was roped off, so there was no interference from traffic. Ray Moore had obtained a permit several days before. Our neighbors and their families all appeared at the appointed hour, in appropriate dress for early American folk games and dances. The Johnsons who live in the middle of the block brought their piano out on the porch and Fiddlin' John Williams, in the corner house to the north, played the violin. There was plenty of room. The ladies looked lovely in their full skirts. The men were ready to do their graceful best, and the children, under the direction of a well-prepared leader, filled the air with ringing laughter. The newsmen were there to take pictures for the papers.

When the skipping and the curtsies were ended, we had a 16-millimeter sound movie in the basement rumpus room of the Sanders' house—we men all chipped in and got a good Independence Day film plus a comedy for the younger Americans on our block. And when that was over we all went to the yard of the Gibbons family on the other end of the block and had a good old American hot-dog feast complete with pickles, chips, watermelon and Ray's red-white-and-blue ice cream. After that, we all

hiked to Reservoir Hill to watch the fire works display put on by the Chamber of Commerce at the fairgrounds a mile away.

Everyone in our block, young and old, agreed that this was the best Fourth of July they had ever spent. Already a committee has been working for months on this year's Block Party. This year we plan a trip to the museum to recapture the feel of America 177 years ago. And it all started when a little boy carved a Liberty Bell out of soap, a bell so real it really rang. If I am ever on the committee, I'm going to suggest a soap-carving contest.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps the block-party plan is not the solution for your family, your block, or your town. As a matter of fact, it has never, to my knowledge been tried before. The foregoing is purely an imaginative attempt to stimulate the thinking of countless parents who would like to give their children a safe and sane Fourth of July and at the same time help to restore the real significance of the day.

Two things are to be avoided in any plans you make for this year's Fourth of July celebration—the dangers involved in the indiscriminate use of fireworks, and the danger of other holiday accidents. Yet in planning for and with your children (and it is far better to plan with them than merely for them) pay due regard to their natural desire to be with other young people their own ages. Sometimes a two-family picnic, or short trip to some place of historical interest which emphasizes the struggle for the freedom for which our forefathers fought, will be the answer. Other families may prefer a Blue-Jeans Hike and Picnic in some secluded spot. A Hobo Party, with mother doing up surprise lunches in red bandana handkerchiefs and father arranging for amateur entertainment around a campfire, may appeal to other family groups. But it should be borne in mind that, if you want the day to be completely satisfying, you must substitute something better for the fireworks, or the auto trip, or whatever it is you are asking the children to give up.

Can you devise for your family, or for your neighborhood, an Independence Day celebration that young and old will enjoy, that will emphasize the true meaning of the day, and that will be safe and sane instead of wild and woolly?



By Idris W. and Elizabeth N. Jones

Mr. Jones is minister of the First Baptist Church, Peoria, Illinois. Mrs. Jones has been a frequent contributor to this magazine, having also served as one of its family counselors

So YOU WANT A CHRISTIAN

STUDY ARTICLE AND STUDY GUIDE

Here are blueprints for a Christian home—a floor plan to accommodate family togetherness in work and play; windows to look out upon others' needs; skylights to reach upwards into spiritual realms. And the specifications—constant prayer, constant planning, constant cooperation

PERHAPS you are a young married couple, just establishing your first home. You want that home to proclaim to all who enter that you are building your marriage on Christian foundations. Or maybe you answer to "Grandpa" and "Grandma," with your children married and in homes of their own. You are concerned that your grandchildren and their friends will sense the benediction of Jesus whenever they visit you. Or you may be a growing family now. Perhaps you have small preschoolers, an in-betweeners or two, and a teen-ager. You are concerned with the home atmosphere you are providing for those growing children. Will that atmosphere help them to grow as Christian personalities?

No matter what kind of family you are, you ask two questions: What are the characteristics of a Christian home? How can we build a truly Christian home?

Let us imagine that we are calling on a Christian family. We know that the father and mother are sincere Christians, supporting the church program with their time and money. The children, too, are active in church school and in the youth groups of the church. We know that they are trying to develop a really Christian home. Let us see if there are distinguishing marks in their home and family life which would point the way for the rest of us.

As we enter the house, we notice first the tangible evidences of the Christian interests of the family. On top of the piano are an open hymnbook and a Primary Department story book opened to a song. On the music rack is piano music someone has been practicing. Above the sofa hangs a lovely religious picture. On a small corner table, we find a plant, an open Bible, and a sculptured reproduction of "Praying Hands." Close by are copies of church school quarterlies. An easy chair and reading lamp give a silent invitation to stop and rest, and meditate.

In the various bedrooms, we find evidences of personal devotions—a Bible, one or two devotional books, and pictures of Jesus. In the children's bookcases, among the story books we find books of Bible stories and prayers. Elsewhere we see books on religious subjects as well as guides to leading children in Christian paths. (See the bibliography at the end of this article.)

There are marks, too, that show the wide outreach of the Christian interests of this family. On the desk is a large globe, and beside it a mission study book. On the window of the front door we see a Red Cross and a Red Feather sticker. In the kitchen is a partially packed box of used winter clothing. We are told it is to go to a Korean orphanage when filled.

Perhaps one of the most noticeable of the marks of this home is the absence of the cheap and tawdry. Here is a Christian home; we find no lewd magazines and comics, no gawdy pictures, no questionable books. Their very absence testifies to the Christian standards of the family.

As the family returns from school, we sense a sincere concern and interest on the part of each for the experiences of the others. Big sister Sally takes time from her teen-age phoning and studying to French-braid five-year-old Susie's hair, chattering with her about the merits of one small doll over those of another. Big brother Jim bursts in, full of enthusiasm, but listens with interest while eight-year-old Dickie and his Jewish friend Mark, from across the street, tell about the Festival of the Tabernacles, which his family and other Jewish families have just finished celebrating. Then Jim thrills the whole family with his account of how Joe, the school's Negro pitcher, pitched the team to success in the last game of the season. The father arrives from work, and he and the boys adjourn to the basement for a game of Ping-pong. The girls help with setting the table and dinner preparations.

"We planned it this way in our family council," the mother explains. "The girls help now, the boys after dinner. Next week they will change their duties."

As we join the boys in the basement, we find a simple, attractive recreation room with many games and hobbies for family enjoyment. "We built the table and decorated

OME!

the room together on Saturdays, last winter," Jim tells us proudly. "We're planning on working some more on it this year."

When we gather around the dinner table, we learn that it is Sally's turn to choose the form the grace will take. She asks us to sing the doxology. "After our work and play together on Saturdays, we try to have a time of worship together, too," explains the father. "Then we work on church school lessons, and think of what they teach our family especially. Because we are a Christian family, we try to live the way Jesus taught us."

SO THAT IS THE way one family is building a Christian home. Your family is probably different from theirs. Because of differences in ages, environment, work and school schedules, etc., you will doubtless build your Christian home in other ways. But underlying both will be the same principles which we noted in our imaginary visit.

1. *In a Christian home the members of the family will try to live according to the teachings of Jesus.* They will express his spirit in their relationships both at home and away from home. Jesus gave us many specific guides for our daily living. The Christian family will read the Scriptures to discover those guides. They will read books and periodicals, attend services and classes at church, and talk

together to learn more and more of how Jesus' teachings apply to their own lives.

2. *In a Christian home, the members of the family will seek guidance and inspiration from the Father whom Jesus revealed.* Such a family will not have family worship merely because they think they should. They will try to pray sincerely in the name of Jesus. They will seek God's guidance as they face problems or make decisions. They will recognize him as the source of all good things, and will constantly praise him for his goodness to them.

3. *In a Christian home, the members of the family plan together, work and play together in a truly Christian, democratic way.* Jesus taught the equal worth of every human being. Christian liv-

ing is at its best when differences are settled prayerfully and amiably, and when plans are made together after every member has expressed his opinion.

4. *In a Christian home, there will be real concern for all mankind.* Christian families will take an active part in community and church projects, such as CARE, Community Chest, Red Cross, and the missionary programs of the church. They will realize that only as they know people of other races and creeds can they feel the common ties of the brotherhood which is such an integral part of the teachings of Jesus.

5. *Finally, in a Christian home are tangible evidences of the devotion of the family to Jesus and his way of life.* Books, pictures, and magazines will be in keeping with



The gleaming tile and up-to-date appliances, desirable though they be, do not make this a Christian home or the family a happy one. But these things do—order and harmony; beauty without the gaudy or the trashy; amiable cooperation; concern for others; prayerful seeking of God's guidance.

Christian standards. There will be good music. Because the family will believe in the truth of Philippians 4:8, they will try to eliminate the gaudy or trashy.

So now do you really want a Christian home? It takes a tremendous amount of effort and thought to develop such a home. One cannot merely put a Bible on the table and a pious look on one's face and proclaim, "Ours is a Christian home." Neither can one merely pray a routine grace at table and give a dollar to the church on Sunday and say, "We have a Christian home." Building a Christian home takes constant prayer, constant meditation, constant planning, constant living with that goal in mind. It takes the cooperation of everyone.

SOME BOOKS FOR THE HOME

For Children

Tell Me About God, by Mary Alice Jones. Rand McNally, 1943. 69 pages; \$2.00.

Tell Me About Jesus, by Mary Alice Jones. Rand McNally, 1952 edition. 72 pages; \$2.00.

Tell Me About Prayer, by Mary Alice Jones. Rand McNally, 1949 edition. \$2.00.

Tell Me About the Bible, by Mary Alice Jones. Rand McNally, 1952 edition. 92 pages; \$2.00.

God's Loving-Kindness, by Elizabeth B. Jones. Nazarene Publishing House, Kansas City, Mo., 1948. 94 pages; \$1.75.

Then I Think of God, by Mabel Niedermeyer.

As the Day Begins, by Elizabeth Shields. Presbyterian Committee. 1944. \$2.00.

Thoughts of God for Boys and Girls, published quarterly by the Connecticut Council of Churches, Inc., Hartford, Conn. 80 pages; 30 cents.

For Adults

The Secret Place, a 98-page quarterly of daily devotions for individual and family use. Individual subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Every Day a Prayer, by Margueritte Harmon Bro. Harper &

Bros., 1943. 396 pages; \$2.00.

Meditations: Devotions for Women, by Grace Noll Crowell, Abingdon-Cokesbury, 1951. 128 pages; \$1.50.

Beatitudes for the Family, by Leland Foster Wood.

Our Family Grows Toward God, by Mary Clemens Odell. Abing-

don-Cokesbury, 1949. 64 pages; 50 cents.

The Faith of Our Children, by Mary Alice Jones. Abingdon-Cokesbury, 1943. 75 pages; \$1.50.

When Children Ask, by Margueritte Harmon Bro. Harper & Bros., 1940. 268 pages, \$2.50.

Hearthstone.

STUDY GUIDE

I. Get Ready!

"So You Want a Christian Home!" will be of value for group study in proportion to the preparation for its use. The leader, for example, may desire to use the article and its study guide simply to stimulate the group members to share helpful ideas and practical suggestions out of their own experiences. The leader, however, can go much further. He will find it helpful to explore the resources listed below, and to give to group members study assignments bearing on the discussion points listed.

As the leader makes a thorough study of the articles, he should make note of its chief suggestions in outline form and relate them to the discussion points.

The group discussion will be further enriched if all, or at least several, of those who will be attending the meeting read the article with three points in mind: (1) What personal experiences illustrate the truths stated in the article? (2) What ideas in the article arouse questions? (3) What are those questions? Group preparation at these points will do much to increase the value of the discussion and its enduring results.

II. Discuss!

A. *The leader should open the discussion period with a brief introduction of the theme: "The Christian Home: Its Importance, Its Characteristics, and Its Resources."* As the discussion centers primarily on a consideration of the characteristics and resources of a Christian home, the leader might well limit his introduction to a consideration of the importance of a Christian home. Some points he may wish to emphasize are:

1. The home is one of the three great social institutions of our day: the home, the church, and the school. Of these, the home is the most basic, not only because of its direct influence on the individual, but also because of its influences on the worth of the school and the church.

2. When most couples marry they want their home to be the best it can be, not only for the sake of children who may come into it, but also because their personal happiness is bound up with it.

3. "A Christian home" is the answer both to our highest personal hopes and to our nation's need. Therefore, what are its characteristics and how do we build it?

B. *What are the characteristics of a Christian home?* After the introductory statement by the leader the active discussion could begin with a consideration of the characteristics of a Christian home. Suggestions and questions to stimulate this discussion might be:

1. Think of specific families you would call Christian. What characteristics of these families lead you to call them Christian?

2. Does the article suggest additional points that characterize a Christian home? What are they?

3. As you think of specific Christian families, what teachings of Jesus would you say are followed within the home?

WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories illustrating Christian patriotism would be appropriate this month.

Guide in Making Articles. The summer months give children more time to make things and to develop worth-while hobbies. Many suggestions can be found in such books as *Holiday Craft and Fun*, by Joseph Leeming, and *Here's How and When*, by Armilda Keiser.

Direct Games. Good books on games may be secured from your church or public library. *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin, contains games for children of all ages.

Plan a Special Project. If you wish the children to have a part in the observance of Freedom and Democracy Sunday and there is not time on Sunday, you might plan the emphasis for this hour. Disciple materials may be obtained by writing to Mrs. Ruth Milner, 222 S. Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

4. What additional teachings of Jesus have bearing on life in a Christian home?

C. How can we build a truly Christian home?

1. As persons interested in building a Christian home, what practices and resources have you found most helpful?

2. What experiences have you had in family worship? Discuss solutions and helps as to time, procedures, and materials.

3. What does your family, or the families you know, do to stress the religious emphasis in our Christian holidays, such as Easter, Thanksgiving, and Christmas? Is any special religious significance given to such holidays as Labor Day and Independence Day?

4. Have you had any experience with a family council? How has it helped to bring a Christian emphasis into the family relationships and decisions?

5. Can parents help their children to be Christian in their school activities and in their play? In what ways?

6. What books, pictures, music, maga-

zines, and other resources have you found helpful in building and enriching a Christian home?

III. Act!

A discussion on the Christian home ought to result in practical steps. The leader should guide the members of the group in the exploration of specific steps they might carry through in developing Christian homes. Sufficient time for this should be provided in the meeting schedule. The group may decide, for instance, to select a particular teaching of Jesus and apply it in family life situations.

Results, however, may vary. Some families may decide to discuss in family council ways of strengthening family fellowship at points of recreation, Christian service projects, or devotional experiences. Other families may decide to subscribe to a family religious periodical, such as *Hearthstone*. Other families may make plans to introduce variety in mealtime graces. The purchase of good religious pictures or the establishment of an informal worship center may represent the decisions of others.

IV. Use Your Resources!

1. The firsthand experiences or observations of the group members.

2. Periodicals such as *The Secret Place* or past issues of *Hearthstone*, in addition to the current issue.

3. Books and pamphlets. The article concludes with a list of recommended books. In preparation for the study session the leader will find values also in:

Teaching Religion in the Home, by George William and Ruth McAfee Brown. The Westminster Press, 1948. 72 pages; 75 cents.

The Common Ventures of Life: Marriage, Birth, Work and Death, by Elton Trueblood. Harper & Bros., 1949. 124 pages; \$1.00.

Strengthening the Spiritual Life, by Nels F. S. Ferré. Harper & Bros., 1951. 63 pages; \$1.00.

The Family Lives Its Religion; Creating the Family, and the Creative Family, by Regina Wieman. Harper & Bros., 1941. 236 pages; \$2.00.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A A public performance of lariat-throwing, horse-breaking, etc. ---

B Part of the face -----

C Blackboard pencil -----

D An inn -----

E National holiday in July -----

F Threw or jumped sidewise with a jerk -----

G False -----

H Lowly; not proud -----

I Help, or assistance -----

J A sofa -----

K A craving for food -----

L Lifting apparatus, especially for heavy loads -----

M Riches -----

N To collect, as a harvest -----

O Dim -----

P Foam -----

Q Ahead of the appointed time -----

115	15	75	111	124
48	106	46	64	23
112	26	36	100	45
63	41	109	34	21
13	60	121	52	1 79
105	81	22	68	125
102	37	25	4	83 35
89	16	31	57	43 24
17	80	30	76	49 99
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110	10	44	84	8
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123	47	62	96	9 40
119	51	18	108	73
87	103	118	95	20
56	66	122	91	98

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41	42		43	44	45	46		47		48	49
50	51	52		53	54		55	56	57	58	59
60	61		62	63	64	65		66	67	68	
69	70	71	72	73	74	75		76	77		78
79	80		81	82	83	84	85		86	87	
88	89	90		91	92	93	94		95	96	97
98		99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106		107
108		109	110	111		112	113	114	115	116	117
	118	119		120	121	122		123	124	125	

Solution on page 27.

R A piece of rock -----

S To hold, or to keep -----

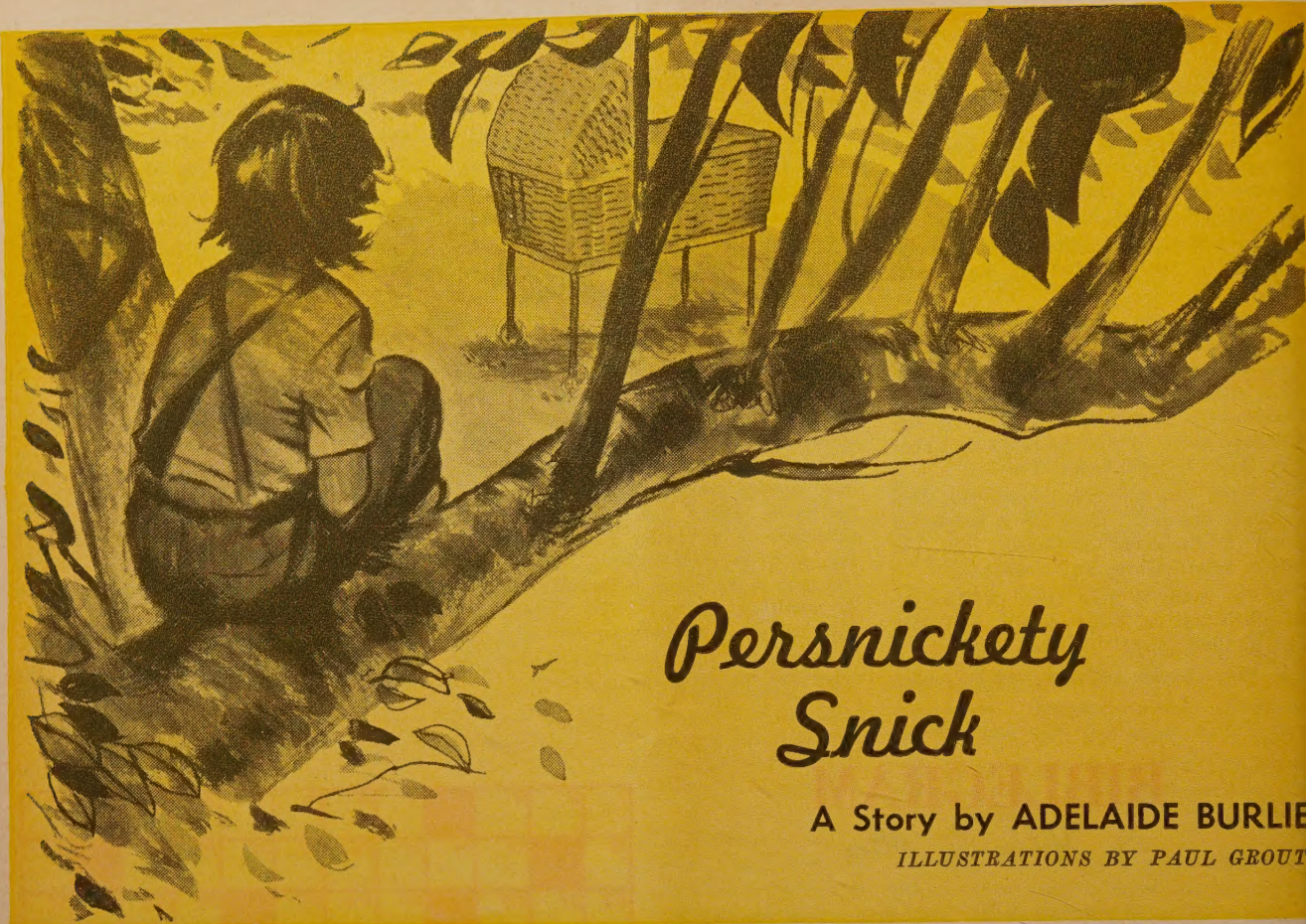
T To hang bending downward -----

U The state flower of North Carolina

V Stained -----

W The tapering end of anything ---

117	78	101	59	85
67	3	88	71	53 72
38	93	113	120	69
50	58	107	12	65
19	86	5	14	97 94
28	92	104	61	116



Persnickety Snick

A Story by ADELAIDE BURLIE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL GEOUT

Patty was a displaced person—displaced by a new baby brother. But along came Persnickety Snick and then a kindly neighbor

PATTY kicked at the small rock in the path. She jerked at the wire as she crawled through the fence. "A baby brother," she sighed aloud. Everyone had said he'd be such fun. She climbed to her favorite place in the apple tree. If she could only talk to someone who would understand. She could see over the hedge into Miss Kate's yard. Her car was not in the driveway, so Patty knew she wasn't home from school yet.

Nobody had time for Patty since the baby came. It was always, "Don't make a noise; Little Nick is asleep"; or, "You'll have to wait until I've finished with the baby"; "Run along and play; can't you see I'm busy with the baby."

Patty wished the car were in the driveway. She would like to talk it all over again with Miss Kate. She always understood. Miss Kate said Patty was big

enough to help with a baby. But nobody ever gave her anything to do for him. She knew she could hold the bottle for Little Nick to eat. She could bring his diapers from the bottom drawer of the chest when he had to be changed. She knew she could powder his back after his bath. Patty could dress her dolls, so she knew she could put on his socks.

Miss Kate had talked to Patty about how nice it would be to have a baby, a long time before Little Nick came. Patty had been pleased and excited when she had heard there was a brother for *her* at the hospital. Miss Kate had been so sure it was going to be fun.

PATTY COULD see all over the neighborhood from up in the apple tree. She looked down into her own yard. She could see the washing hanging on the clothesline. There wasn't a single dress in the washing today for her. Everything was white and belonged to Little Nick, except a pair of Patty's blue jeans and a T shirt. All of Patty's dresses

now hung in the closet to be worn only on special occasions.

Patty liked to sit up in the apple tree when things didn't go just right and she had a queer tight feeling inside. On the days when she was happy she could hum a tune and talk to the leaves and the bugs and the bees that visited the apple tree, too. She pushed a bug along on a branch and asked it softly, "Why doesn't Miss Kate come home from her teaching?"

Patty closed her eyes and remembered how nice it had been before they had the baby and there had just been the three of them. Daddy had always called her his blue-eyed sweetheart when he first came home. He would kiss her on the back of her neck and she would hunt through his pockets for a stick of gum or a tiny mint or single piece of candy. Before the baby came, she had such fun with her mother. They would bake queer looking cookies and have little stories to go with every shape. Mother always gave her a choice of one of the vegetables she would have for her lunch. Be-

fore the baby came her bath was such a happy time. Mother always put pins in her curls so they would be pretty when Daddy came home. Mother would always brush her hair and try on different ribbons until one was just right. Since the baby came Patty had a ribbon on her hair only on Sunday. Through the week there were no curls—just a clip and a small comb. Every day she wore her blue jeans and a T shirt. If someone did come and she was given a dress to put on, no one asked Patty what color she wanted to wear. She was handed the first one on the hanger.

Before the baby came, Patty and her mother went to the library every week and brought home picture books. Mother read the stories again and again, and very soon Patty could look at the pictures and tell the story to Daddy. Miss Kate told Mother she should read aloud to Patty every day and let Patty tell the story herself. She hadn't been to the library once since the baby came, and her mother was always too tired to read to her, even from her own books that had been given to her for Christmas. No one had time for stories but Miss Kate. No one cared just how she felt except Miss Kate. Oh, how she wished Miss Kate was at home!

When Daddy came home now, he didn't toss her in the air, kiss her on the back of her neck, and say, "How is my blue-eyed sweetheart!" Now the first thing Daddy said every night was, "How is my little man today?" Then he would hold the bottle Mother always had ready, while Little Nick had his milk or orange juice.

"I could hold the bottle just as well as Daddy does," Patty said aloud. "There are so many things I could do; but nobody lets me do anything for the baby. No one knows I live in the house, too, since the baby came, unless I make a noise or do something that bothers the baby."

JUST THEN Patty felt something on the back of her head—it was as light as a feather. She put her hand up to touch it, when a voice

said, "Let me stay—I want to visit you."

Patty rubbed her eyes. She couldn't see a thing. "What did you say?" she asked.

"I want to rest awhile and visit you; I'm tired," the voice replied.

"What have you been doing?" Patty asked.

"Making people happy. I was just flying over the apple tree when I got your call."

"I didn't call you," Patty answered. "I don't even know you."

"You soon will."

"Who are you? What is your name?"

"I'm Persnickety Snick."

"Where is your home?"

"On that white cloud you see up there in the sky."

"Come down off my head so I can you see."

"No, I can't come down. You can't see me with your eyes open. Anyway, I have work to do up here where you do your thinking."

"What is your name?"

"Persnickety Snick."

"What do you look like?"

"My mother was a hummingbird and my father a grasshopper. We don't have time to talk about me. I came to talk about you. I came to make you happy."

"How did you know that I was not happy?" Patty asked.

"You have been thinking the wrong kind of thoughts. Thoughts are what make people happy. You have been thinking the wrong kind about your baby brother."

"How did you know what I thought? I didn't tell you."

(Continued on page 28.)



Patty pushed her hands deep into the pockets of her blue jeans, looked at the ground for just a minute, and held back a tear.



Some parents seem to be playing singles in tennis, tossing their beloved child like a ball between. If the ball is to be undamaged, what rules are best for the game?

DADDY, all the kids are going to sleep outside in the tent tonight. May I?"

"Your mother said No, Sam!"

"But, gee whizz!"

"Now, don't be a baby about it! Say, Sam, look there, across the street! That man is selling balloons!"

Sam looked, and the next instant, to his unexpected joy, he had a wonderful Mickey Mouse balloon in his hand, all blown up and everything. It was not until night had fallen, and he was in his pajamas that he remembered that he was the only one of the gang who was not sleeping outside!

"I'm mad at you, Mother," he said, as he came across the room to say goodnight. "Good and mad at you!" Sam was scowling all over his clean, pink-and-white face.

"For goodness sake, Sam, what did I do?"

"Wouldn't let me sleep . . ."

"I told you before, Son, than you were not to whine any more about that!" Daddy had been reading his paper, but he lowered it to look at his little boy.

"Well, but she . . ."

"Go to bed, Sam," Mother said gently. "We'll talk about it in the morning." Sam smiled wistfully and went up the stairs.

The next morning Mother told Sam she knew that he had wanted to do what the other children did,

"Your father and I . . ."

and she would most certainly let him the first time that he was completely over his cold and it was warm and dry enough to do so. "I'm really sorry you could not go last night, Sam." To herself she thought: "Now why, *why* couldn't his father have said that himself, and not: 'Your mother said No.' Why couldn't he have said, 'We think that tonight isn't the best time, Son.'"

"Do as your mother says!" Sam's father had said. "Listen to what your *mother* says." What does this mean? A strengthening of the loyalty a man should have toward his wife? A boosting of the mother's morale? Does it mean, instead, that for some reason the father cannot agree with the mother but is fearful of losing some of the affection the child has for him? Does it say, "Look what I do for you! I buy you things and take you places. I think in my heart that you're old enough to sleep outside in a tent with the other boys, but a child should be 'brought up' by his mother!" Does it mean the father thinks that the mother should bear the brunt of guidance and discipline and, if the child is made unhappy by the mother's rule and measures, then, and then only, should the father step in and say, "No more whining. Your mother said you could not."

Sometimes it happens the other way. "Daddy said I could do it," Linda pouted. She had asked her father before he left for work, if she could go out of the house today, and he had said: "Why sure!"

Father was gone, and Mother, who had good reasons for keeping Linda from getting wet and catching more cold, had an unhappy child on her hands. Here, again, Mother is cast in the shade. It seems to the child, now, that Father is the parent who is the source of fun and happy times; Mother, the one who makes unreasonable rules and requests and the one who disciplines her when she is naughty.

When neither parent is willing to accept the responsibility of granting or denying a child requests, the child suffers even more, as this buffeting back and forth from Mother in the kitchen to Father in the living room, takes away from his security.

It is hardly possible that the father and the mother are going to agree about every small decision that must be made about the child, and having a disagreement in front of the child must be avoided to prevent harmful emotional upsets. Yet, decisions must be made. Letting the child present the problem and his desires in front of both his parents might be good. If the request is obviously harmful or foolish, he should be helped to see this fact and the request denied, but a harmless pleasure should not be denied without good reason.

If the time for a decision is not pressing, or the parents know they would disagree and must make some sort of compromise, a statement such as, "We will think it over," will temporarily take care of the situation, even though Sam or Linda wants an immediate reply!

Some children are quick to seize an opportunity to "wind" one or both of their parents "around their fingers." It is disturbing to overhear a young person brag that he "can get away with anything" with his father (or mother). An automatic No from a strict father, coupled with an easy-mark mother, certainly does not make for good relationships.

(Continued on page 30.)

A practicing lawyer, the daughter of a lawyer, and a Christian active in the church, with great depth of understanding analyzes her own profession—its strength; its weaknesses and possible remedies; educational requirements and opportunities for lawyers; and, interwoven throughout, Christian principles of and for Christian lawyers

The Christian in the Legal Profession

By Sara Cox Keckley

THERE HE SAT, a poor Italian immigrant, the father of eight children, a ditch-digger, able to speak only broken English. I sat beside him—I, a young woman attorney, the wife of the village minister, trying to defend him. We were surrounded by contractors, subcontractors, businessmen and workmen—all grasping for money, beyond the contract price, from Tony. I felt weak and unequal to the task.

Then, in the stillness, I heard a voice, calm, clear and gentle. It was the voice of my departed father quoting the words of the Prophet Micah, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" I was no longer afraid, but poised to secure justice for my client.

"The Christian in the Legal Profession" to me means my father—completely devoted to his church and to his calling, loving humble folk and giving his best talents and skill to see that justice was meted out to all alike. Upon my mind he impressed indelibly two quotations which were constant guides for him: "Study to show thyself approved unto God," and,

"There is no excellence without great labor."

My childhood impression of attorneys was that they were the intellectual leaders of the church and community. There were always six or eight prominent lawyers serving as members of the official board of our church. The Men's Bible Class was always ably taught by a lawyer or a judge, and the Communion service was consecrated with the sublime meditations of eloquent lawyers.

Unfortunately, today the standing of lawyers generally is not so high in the eyes of the public as it was a quarter of a century ago. The prevailing opinion of law as a profession is not that it seeks to mete out justice to people in all walks of life, but rather that it is exclusively a tool of the politicians. I believe this prevalent attitude may be explained by three considerations:

1. The materialism which has swept the privileged areas of our modern world.

2. The know-how to evade the law, which may be a result of one's study of the law.

3. The exposure, on radio and

television, of illegal acts of attorneys in recent crime investigations.

The American Bar Association has become aware of the public's distrust of the profession, honored in the past by noble and patriotic men who through it served humanity. Therefore, the Association is insisting upon rigid enforcement of the rules of professional ethics, even to the point of disbarring offenders and employing strict disciplinary measures against those who indulge in trickery and chicanery in the practice of law.

It is carefully studying public relations, and encouraging local bar associations to establish offices of Legal Aid and Legal Reference. These offices, similar to clinics in the medical profession, would serve two purposes: (1) provide sound legal advice for reasonable fees, and (2) give young lawyers experience in the practice of law under the direction of older attorneys.

Law has been called the most conservative of the professions because of its basic principle of *stare decisis* (to stand by decided cases; to uphold precedents). The lawyer's work is endless; it involves the sifting of myriads of cases to find the ones applicable to the problem at hand. Lawyers and judges *interpret* the laws.

In another sense, law has become a very progressive profession. Voluminous statutes are constantly



Ten Commandments of the Christian Lawyer

1. You shall love the Lord your God.
2. You shall love your neighbor as yourself.
3. You shall study to show yourself approved unto God.
4. You shall dedicate your talents to the search for truth and the maintenance of justice.
5. You shall be honest at all times, remembering that "the cardinal virtues of a lawyer are truth, simplicity and candor."
6. You shall represent in civil suits only those clients whose causes you believe to be just or so clearly debatable as to require the judgment of the court.
7. You shall not refuse to defend a person accused of crime, regardless of your personal opinions as to his guilt, because "no person may be deprived of life or liberty without due process of law."
8. You shall be true to your client, holding his confidences in trust and making available to him all the protection which the law provides.
9. You shall be respectful to the court and jury, never seeking personal favor.
10. You shall be considerate of and respectful to witnesses, suitors and other attorneys, striving at all times to uphold the honor and dignity of your profession.

being written. Lawyers must keep abreast of these. They cannot possibly know all these statutes, but they are trained to analyze the facts and find the laws, old and new, which apply to them.

The highest-ranking law schools require before entrance, completion of a four-year college course and the passing of severe aptitude tests and intelligence tests. The law course lasts three years. Entrance requirements of night law schools are lower, the course not so extensive, and the classes probably more practical.

The prospective law student would do well to study thoroughly the requirements for admission to bar examinations in his own state (for these requirements vary greatly), and then choose his law school. The bar examinations usually last several days and are exceedingly difficult. After a student has been admitted to the bar, he would do well to seek an "apprenticeship" of some kind for a year or two before he expects to become an effective and serviceable lawyer, for he is likely to discover that, even though he is a wizard in explaining legal theory and

handling documents, he cannot learn to *practice* law without experience.

Only a small percentage of the more than 200,000 lawyers in the United States have acquired wealth. A survey made by the Office of Business Economics of the United States Department of Commerce showed that the average net income of all non-salaried independent practitioners in the United States in 1929 was \$5,224.00, and in 1949, \$8,083.00. This represents a 46% increase of lawyers' income average over that period; whereas, the average net increase for all earners (of all vocations) in the same period was 109%. Therefore, a young person who desires an easy road to wealth is likely to be disillusioned in the legal profession.

But it is not my purpose to advise parents of young people to discourage their children in choosing law for their vocation. On the contrary, conscientious, persevering students with the ability to "think straight" and the determination to do right must be found in Christian homes and encouraged to enter the legal profession

if it interests them. There is much to be done in labor relations, human rights, and international relations. The need for uniform marriage and divorce laws should challenge persevering girls to study law.

"The whole world is turning to the law for the solution of its manifold perplexities because the law, however imperfect, is the finest instrument yet devised to civilization," says the *Wisconsin Law Review* (1949, p. 424). "More and more people," the journal continues, "need more and more legal advice to help in their daily lives, and that must mean more and more work for lawyers, if demand and supply can effectively be brought together."

Let us look at two outstanding lawyers who actively live the Christian life. One is a statesman and the other a judge.

Since Woodrow Wilson took with him to the Peace Conference in Paris a brilliant young lawyer, the son of a Presbyterian minister trained for the diplomatic service, the world has been watching *John Foster Dulles*. He worked in behalf of the League of Nations, but the United States did not choose to become a member. He had been in and out of the State Department many times. He is an eminent churchman, having served as chairman of the interdenominational Conference for a Just and Durable Peace.

At last, mature, with a wealth of experience behind him, he is at the helm of international relations for the United States. May God be near him and guide him as he endeavors to lead the world to peace!

Harold R. Medina, the judge who presided at the trial of the eleven Communist leaders accused of conspiracy to overthrow the government by force, has become, for lawyers, a symbol of the American system of justice. This personal statement of his faith in God was taken from an address published in the *American Bar Association Journal* of August, 1952, and is quoted here with the permission of Judge Medina:

"I do not see why a judge

should be ashamed to say that he prays for divine guidance, and for strength to do his duty. Indeed there came a time when I did the most sincere and the most fervent praying that I ever did in my life.

"I suddenly found myself in the midst of that trial of the Communists. It took me a long time to realize what they were trying to do to me. But as I got weaker and weaker and found the burden difficult to bear, I sought strength from the One Source that never fails.

"There came a time when, doubtless due to previous planning, one of the defendants refused to answer a question, pleading a supposed constitutional privilege which obviously had no application. I gave him time to consult his counsel about it. I held the matter in abeyance overnight to make sure that I was making no misapplication of the law, and then on the next day, Friday, June 3, 1949, I sentenced him to prison for thirty days, unless he should sooner purge himself of contempt by answering the question. Pandemonium broke loose. The other ten defendants and their lawyers and many of the spectators rose to their feet. There was a great shouting and hulla-balloo, and several of the defendants started toward the bench.

"In all that excitement I felt just as calm as I do now . . . ; I did not raise my voice . . . and I singled out several of those men, identified the language they were using, got it in the record, and sentenced each of them to imprisonment for the balance of the trial.

" . . . My unguided will alone and such self-control as I possess were unequal to this test. If ever a man felt the presence of Someone beside him, strengthening his will and giving him aid and comfort, it was I on that day.

The new Revised Standard Version of the Bible has thrown new light upon the role a lawyer played in causing our Master to state concisely the heart of Christianity. The King James version of Matthew 22:35 reads:

"Then one of them which was

a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him . . ."

The new version translates the same passage thus:

"And one of them, a lawyer, asked him a question, to test him."

An honorable lawyer tests a witness and thereby discovers truth. It is no part of his work to tempt a man.

I like to think that this lawyer's motive was good, for the question which he asked, "Teacher, which is the great commandment in the

law?" drew from the Master a statement of the two divine laws upon which the world Christian community must some day be built:

"And he said to him, 'You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second is like it, You shall love your neighbor as yourself. On these two commandments depend all the law and the prophets'" (Matt. 22:37-40).



This Is the Way We Did It . . .



Reunion Grace

by Frances Dunlap Heron

EVERY year thousands of American families hold reunions, calling back to the old home town or countryside aunts and uncles and cousins from distant places. With families so widely scattered as they are these days, such an annual reunion, on a set date, can do much to keep alive old ties and to give younger children a feeling of belonging to a larger group.

In my own family, the gathering on the second Sunday of each August includes descendants (and their in-laws) of the one who brought our family name to central Missouri in the early 1820's. The reunion is held but a short distance from where he took up his land from the government, and he sleeps in an unmarked grave in the family cemetery on that land.

Each year, just after the barbecued mutton has been placed on the tables along with the women relatives' culinary delicacies, the group stands silent as some member gives a prayer of thanksgiving.

At our last reunion, these words carried the assembly, for a moment at least, beyond mere pleasant sociability:

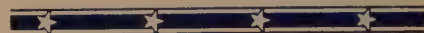
"Our God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, we thank thee:

"For the founders of our family who established our roots in this soil;

"For the gifts this land has produced for our maintenance through the years:

"For all those of our blood who have gone before us, leaving us memories of integrity, perseverance and faithfulness.

"As we gather today to carry on these traditions, as we renew ties of affection and understanding, as we partake of the bounties of thy will and creation, may thy spirit surround us and thy love enfold us. In Jesus' name we pray. Amen."



This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

How to get children to

Write Letters This Summer

MOTHER, do I have to write that old letter! I just hate to write letters," moaned my eight-year-old as I pressed a pencil into her hand and insisted that she write thank-you notes for her Christmas presents. It was already late in January and not one of the gifts, she had so enjoyed receiving, had been acknowledged.

But things have changed around our house since then. When school closed for summer vacation, teaching my child how to write letters and *enjoy it* became one of my summer projects.

In a way, I knew I was responsible for her intense dislike for writing letters. Writing a letter had become a boring, but dutiful, obligation. The only kinds of letters my child had ever been encouraged to write were thank-you notes which had to be written for gifts received at Christmas and on birthdays. She had never experienced the wonderful impulse of sitting down and writing a letter to a relative or friend just because she wanted to.

Strangely enough, I found that my child was not alone in this attitude toward letter-writing. Most of the mothers in our neighborhood had the same difficulty with their children when it came to writing letters. Perhaps, I decided, it was just a phase all children went through!

My opportunity to find out came one hot morning in July, after I had taken my child and two of her little girl friends to the swimming pool. When we returned home from our trip to the pool, they wanted to do something at which they could play quietly.

This old-fashioned rebus may suggest another way for older children to have fun writing letters. They may want to make simple outline drawings and stick-figures to supplement the pictures they cut out. Names of trees are represented here.

(Answers, page 30.)

"Why don't all three of you sit down and write letters to your grandmothers," I suggested.

They looked at me as if I had suggested that they pick up a rattlesnake with their bare hands.

"Oh, Mother!" wailed my child while the other two just groaned.

"These letters are going to be different," I insisted. Then I brought out a pile of old magazines and scissors and paste.

"We shall write illustrated letters," I told them.

Here their interest picked up, and it didn't lessen until they had all three finished their letters to their grandmothers and personally affixed stamps and dropped them into the mailbox on the corner.

The letters we learned to "write"

that day were easy and the kind that very small children can enjoy working on.

In these first letters, the three little girls decided to tell their grandmothers about their trip to the swimming pool. Betsy, one of the little girls wrote:

Dear Grandmother,

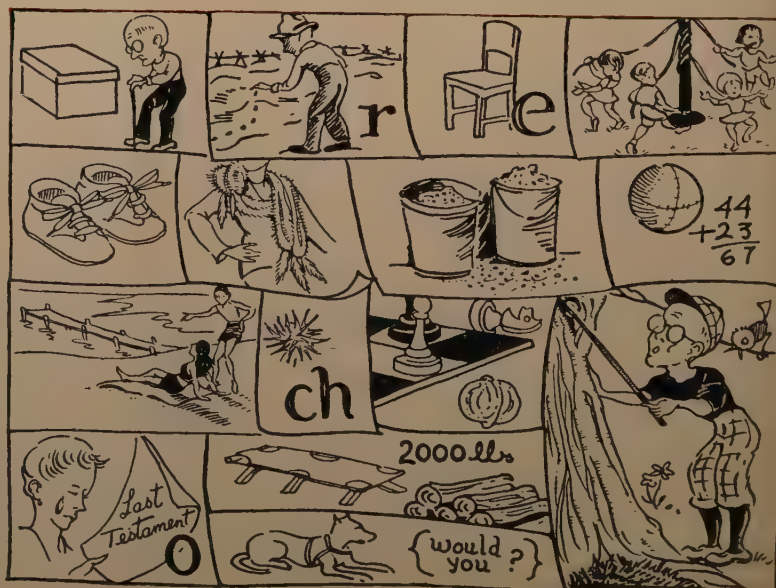
We went to the (*here she had pasted a picture of a swimming pool*). It was fun. Then we went home and ate (*picture of a plate of sandwiches*). I have new (*picture of sandals*). They are (*a blob of red crayon*). I will write you another (*picture of letter*) soon.

The little girls found that it was fun to illustrate their letters with pictures clipped from the magazines.

All that summer they had fun "writing" letters. When they ran out of relatives to write to, they got the addresses of several shut-ins and the soldier sons of friends. All who received them found the children's letters very amusing, and were pleased to be remembered in this way.

I have found that the letter-writing itself is not what children dislike so much. It's not knowing how to express their thoughts or to spell unfamiliar words. It is no fun to write a letter if you have to stop every few minutes and ask someone to spell a word for you. But it is fun to stop and see if you can find a picture of that word and cut it out and paste it on your letter in place of the word! In her letter Betsy did not know how to spell "swimming," "sandwiches," and "sandals," but when she found the pictures of these objects she was very pleased with herself! In another year or two, Betsy will learn the spelling of these words in school, but in the mean-

(Continued on page 30.)



RESOURCES FOR WORSHIP IN THE FAMILY

with Young Children

A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds; (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size to be tied together.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

Theme for July: THANK YOU, GOD, FOR NEIGHBORS

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

Until now, your three-year-old has probably had very few experiences beyond those in his own home. Even so, foundations can be laid for attitudes of friendliness toward others. This can best be done by your own actions and attitudes. In summer you probably have more contacts with close neighbors because you spend more time out of doors. Your kindness, friendliness and consideration toward your neighbors will be observed by your three-year-old, and he will make an effort to imitate your actions.

You probably will have friends or relatives (far-away neighbors) to visit you during the summer. Include your three-year-old in preparing for such guests. For example, say, "Aunt Lou loves pretty flowers. We shall put some in her room. That will help make her happy while she is visiting us. We want our guests to be happy."

We think of community helpers as neighbors. Helpers such as the postman, the milkman, the paper-

boy and the like, are persons who will soon become known to your child. You will want him to understand how these persons help him have a happy life, and to learn to be considerate and friendly toward them. A suggestion that the paper-boy might like a glass of ice water or lemonade on a hot July day would be one way to help your child show this friendliness to helpers.

If you will sometimes express gratitude for other helpers, such as farmers who grow fruit and vegetables, your child will begin to know that many people he cannot see help him, too. A simple prayer of "Thank you, God, for farmers who help us to have food to eat," would be enough to do this.

Most important of all, remember your neighbors both far and near, and your helpers both far and near. Give thanks to God for them. Your child will learn from you.



To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut around the colored blocks and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

THANKS FOR NEIGHBORS NEAR

It is good to give thanks to the LORD.

—PSALM 92:1

Who Are Neighbors?

Who are neighbors?

Tell me, do.

Some are folks

Next door to you;

Some may live

In far off lands.

Neighbors are friends

With helping hands.

Thank you, God, for neighbors.

—JUANITA PURVIS

Prayer

Thank you, God, for neighbors who live near to us. Amen.

THANKS FOR NEIGHBORS FAR AWAY

It is good to give thanks to the LORD.

—PSALM 92:1

Thank You, God, for Neighbors Far Away

Some neighbors live next door to me

But some live far away,

And though their names I do not know,

I am glad for them today.

I am glad for all who send me food;

I am glad for friendly thoughts;

I am glad You planned for them to be;

Glad I'm their neighbor, too.

Thank You, God.

—DORIS CLORE DEMAREE

Prayer

Thank you, God, for our neighbors who live far away. Amen.

THANKS FOR HELPERS NEAR

It is good to give thanks to the LORD.

—PSALM 92:1

Partners

To be God's helpers we must start

Right where we are to do our part.

Even little girls and boys

Can help by picking up their toys.

—DORIS WASER

Prayer

Thank you, God, for helpers here at home. Help me to be a good helper, too. Amen.

THANKS FOR HELPERS FAR AWAY

It is good to give thanks to the LORD.

—PSALM 92:1

Thanks for Helpers

For every helper strong and true,

We sing our thanks, O God, to you.

We're glad, O God, that it is true

That children can be helpers, too.*

—ETHEL L. SMITHER

Prayer

Thank you, God, for all the helpers in the world. Amen.

*From *Sing, Children, Sing*. Copyright, Edith Lovell Thomas. Used by permission.

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut around the colored blocks and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

THANKS FOR NEIGHBORS NEAR

"You shall love your neighbor as yourself."

—Matthew 22:39.

Our Dear Church

Our dear church was builded
Long ago with prayer,
So that all the neighbors
Might find welcome there.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Prayer

We are glad for neighbors. We are glad that
church is a place where everyone is welcome.
Thank you, God. Amen.

THANKS FOR NEIGHBORS FAR AWAY

"You shall love your neighbor as yourself."

—Matthew 22:39.

Thanks for Neighbors

Thank for neighbors far away
Folks we cannot see each day
But we know they work and play
Just as we do.

Help us see our neighbors' need
And when we see, to take the lead
In showing by each loving deed
We, too, are neighbors.

—NITA SUE WATTS

Prayer

Thank you, God, for neighbors far away. Amen.

THANKS FOR HELPERS NEAR

Every one helps his neighbor.—Isaiah 41:6.

Deep in My Heart

Deep in my heart is a thankful prayer
For the goodness and splendor of this day—
And deep within is an earnest wish
That I, too, have helped in some small way.

—ESTHER FRESHMAN

Prayer

Thank you, God, for helpers here at home.
Help me to find ways to be a good helper, too.
Amen.

THANKS FOR HELPERS FAR AWAY

Every one helps his neighbor.—Isaiah 41:6.

Thank You, God, for Helpers

I thank you, God, for helpers
Whom I may never see
I know that they are working
And helping folks like me.

Please help me, God, to know how
To be a helper, too.
And show your love to others,
As you want me to do.

—JUANITA PURVIS

Prayer

Thank you, God, for helpers far away. Amen.



Main Street in the summertime, where life is more relaxed and friendly. Its stores are modern, and the churches well kept and active.

Let's move to the COUNTRY

By Anna Laura Gebhard

Mother of four children, Mrs. Gebhard is the author of these books: "Enjoying the Bible at Home," "Parsonage Doorway," and "Rural Parish!"

RUSS MILLER climbed two flights of stairs to the third floor apartment that he and Sally and their two boys called home.

"Sal," he said wearily, "let's move to the country. I get so tired of buses and crowds and rush. And it must not be much fun for you and the boys to be cooped up here in this tiny apartment day after day."

"But, Russ, your work is here in the city. The opportunities for advancement are here in the main office," Sally answered in surprise. "And I'm not complaining, Dear. We've a comfortable little place here—as cozy as any of our neighbors."

"What neighbors? You don't have neighbors in the city. You just have people—nameless people—and you're nameless to everybody else."

"Russ, you're tired. A hot supper and a romp with the boys will make you feel different."

But after supper and the bedtime story-hour with the boys, Russ raised the question again.

"I wasn't joking, Sal, about moving to the country. Seriously, how do you feel about it?"

"I don't know," Sally answered slowly. "Oh, sometimes I've wished the boys could have a yard of their own, and a dog, and bikes. But we've got so

much here we wouldn't have elsewhere: your opportunities for advancement in the insurance office, all the cultural advantages of city life, the feeling of activity and progress on every side. We'd feel pretty hemmed in and isolated in the country, or even in a small town. But why so serious?"

"Well, the adjustor in our downstate district died last week. I can have his

job if I want it. It means a little sacrifice in salary right now. But in the long run it means more stability and security for the family. The man who has held the job for the past twenty years has lived on a forty-acre farm about a mile from the small town of Belleville. If I take the job, we can rent the place, with option to buy."

"Hm-m, farmer's wife—I'm not sure how a city girl would fit into those shoes. And you're pretty much citified yourself, Russ, despite your boyhood in a small town."

"Don't you poke fun at that boyhood. There's lots about it I'd like my boys to have: the swimming hole in the summertime, skating on the pond in the winter, the neighborhood gang having a popcorn party in the kitchen, gardening and fishing and lawns to mow, the Christmas party at the village church, and, mostly, room to grow in a boy's own way, not in someone else's grown-up pattern."

"Why, Russ, I'm surprised at you! You like the speed and excitement of city life as much as anybody. And you like the advantages of city business places, our large church, concerts, plays, parks."

"But the pressure, Sal; I don't like it—the hectic rush to and from the office, and the feeling of being surrounded by strangers all the time. We'd find life more relaxed and more friendly in Belleville. I know we would, once we got acquainted."

"It's a matter of values, I suppose. We have to decide what we really want to get out of life and give to life, for ourselves and for our boys. Then we have to decide *where* we're most apt to get it."

"Let's drive down to Belleville over the week end and look around," Russ suggested. "Maybe we won't find it so isolated and limited as you think."

When the Millers drove down the shaded Main Street of Belleville a few days later, Sally noticed with surprise two large supermarkets on opposite corners, and a chain drugstore as modern as the one where they waited for the street car. The churches—

and there were several within two blocks—were smaller than the churches in the city, but they looked well kept and active.

The farm on the edge of town was a surprise to Sally, too. There was the neat farm bungalow, set in a rolling lawn. The farm was completely electrified: house, yard, and barn. She eyed with a little envy the freezer chest and the modern laundry in the basement. She noticed the family in the living room was watching the same television show that she and her family would be viewing if they were home.

She noticed the large modern school building on the edge of town.

"It's out here because it's a consolidated school for the whole district. No more one-room schools around here. Buses bring the children in from all over the southern part of the country," their host explained.

All the way back to the city Russ and Sally discussed the advantages and disadvantages of city and rural life.

Sally finally summed up their discussion: "Russ, there's not as much difference as I thought there would be. It seems as though, with electricity, radio, and all the other modern inventions, our city culture has spilled right out over the countryside."

"You're right, Sally. The differences are more space for growing, more neighborliness, a relaxed pace, a greater chance to be yourself."

And so it came about that the Millers joined the great American two-way migration between city and country.

Three years later they evaluated their move. Russ had an opportunity to go back to the city again—at a better salary. But they said a firm No.

The first year Sally would often have liked to return. It took so long to get acquainted. She found that a small town was slow to accept newcomers—even the church. She had to go more than halfway. And sometimes that was hard because she was on the edge of town and could not always depend upon having the use of the car.

But when she finally got acquainted she discovered the kind of neighborliness she'd read about but had never really known. The winter little Tim was very ill with pneumonia, for instance, the neighbor from the second farm south—really a stranger to her—moved in to care for the rest of the family and the farm so that she could stay at the hospital with Tim. And the town doctor had gladly made a late night call, even though he scarcely knew them.

It took a tense school board election to make the Millers see another element in rural life. A bond issue which meant better schools had carried by a few votes.

"Why, my vote really counts!" Sally remarked. "I feel at last as though I were an intelligent and responsible citizen, and as if my vote really made a difference."

She had needlessly feared a cultural lag between the city and country. She isn't sure that she's kept up with the latest styles in her hats and dresses. Somehow it's easier in Belleville to wear last season's coat without being reminded that it's last season's model, and somehow being up to date doesn't seem so important on the streets of Belleville as it did in the city.

But she's noticed that the civic concert series in the near-by town brings some of the same artists to their vicinity that she and Russ used to enjoy in the city. Russ and the boys love their gardening and, in the county home-extension classes, Sal found herself becoming a more proficient cook and homemaker as she took courses with her neighbors in home canning, interior decoration, and child care. The local library has as good a selection of new books as the

(Continued on page 25.)

In the country,
there's room to grow
in a boy's own way.



Sally isn't sure that she's kept up with the latest styles. . . . Somehow, being up-to-date doesn't seem so important.



Cuddle Bear Digs a Cave

By Anne M. Halladay

ILLUSTRATION BY CARMON V. LIVSEY

SUCH A BRIGHT summer morning it was in Piney Forest!

Cuddle Bear rolled from his pine-bough bed in the corner of the old mine and ran to the door.

Sniff! Sniff! He breathed the clean, crisp air. Mixed with the smell of Big Brown Bear Mama's breakfast porridge, it was sweet and hunger teasing.

Then, as he stood there, Cuddle Bear noticed something moving along the ground in the clearing before the old mine.

"Why, hello, Tiny Turtle!" Cuddle Bear called from the doorway, "I'll be out to play in just a minute."

"No hurry," Tiny Turtle stopped near a sunny rock in the clearing.

And then before Cuddle could finish his breakfast, he heard voices. When he looked out, a flash of red in the pine tree near the river path caught his eye again.

"Sammy Squirrel!"

Cuddle Bear could not finish his breakfast. For just as he was taking his first bite of honey cake, Sammy Squirrel chattered, "Hi, Cinnamon Bear!"

And sure enough, when Cuddle Bear ran out the mine door, there was his good friend Cinnamon Bear, pushing his nose through the bushes into the clearing.

"Why!" exclaimed Cuddle Bear.

"This is just like a party. Let's play. Let's dig a little make-believe cave up there on the hill."

So the four little forest friends

climbed up the slope.

"Let's build it here," Cinnamon pointed to a gravelly spot on the hillside.

"Oh no," Cuddle Bear said. "Here is a better place."

He squatted down and began to make the dirt fly with his sharp little claws.

"I'll dig one side and you dig the other," Cinnamon suggested again.

"Oh no, Cinnamon, I'll do all the digging."

"Then I'll build a little grapevine swing like yours to hang on this thimbleberry bush," Cinnamon said.

"Oh, no," Cuddle Bear was a little put out at so many suggestions from Cinnamon. "I can do that after I get the cave dug." Cuddle Bear scratched away while the others stood looking on.

"Let me crawl inside and see if it isn't about deep enough," Tiny Turtle said after a little bit. "Maybe, too, I can dig out a little cupboard in the wall inside."

"And I'll get some acorn cups to put into it." Sammy Squirrel turned to hurry across the clearing.

"Oh, no, Sammy, I'll get some honey cakes," Cuddle Bear told them. "I can dig the cupboard, too."

So the other three little forest friends could only stand there watching.

Cuddle Bear dug and dug. At last he had a fine little cave dug into the hill slope. He took two

stones and set them on each side of the door. Then he stooped low and peeked inside. He could not keep from letting out a squeal of pleasure.

The tiny cave was cool and moist and pretty.

"There!" he said brushing the gravelly sand from his fuzzy little front. "See, everybody! Isn't it nice?"

But there came no answer to his question. Only the sigh of wind through the pine needles.

Cuddle Bear swung about and gave a little snort of surprise.

Why, he was alone! Instead of the four little forest friends who had been watching, there was only the empty clearing. And what fun was there in building such a pretty cave and then having no one to see it when he got through?

"Cinnamon Bear!" Cuddle called.

No answer.

"Sammy Squirrel!" Cuddle looked up at the trees. No flash of red in the branches. No chit-chat.

Cuddle Bear stood amazed and looked about the clearing. Surely they were hiding. Yes, there was something moving on the path toward the river.

"Tiny Turtle!" Cuddle Bear ran and almost pounced upon his slow little friend.

"Where is Cinnamon?" Cuddle Bear asked.

"Oh, he went home quite a while ago."

"Why?"

"Oh, tired of having nothing to do, I guess." Tiny Turtle moved on.

"Where is Sammy Squirrel?"

"Oh, he is up on the hill gathering acorns. He was tired, too."

"But we were playing." Cuddle Bear whined.

"You were, but *we* were not." Tiny Turtle pulled his head back under his shell.

Cuddle Bear stood still and watched the little round house on legs start off down the path again.

"Oh, but . . . but . . ." Cuddle Bear started, then stopped. For Tiny Turtle had spoken the truth. He, Cuddle Bear, had done all the playing and had wanted to do

everything. In fact he *had* done everything.

"Oh!" Cuddle Bear cried out again. "Come on back, Tiny Turtle! I need you to dig that little cupboard *inside* the cave. And I am going to run and find Cinnamon before he goes somewhere else, and Sammy Squirrel, too."

And off Cuddle Bear scurried as fast as his furry little legs could carry him.

Not long after that, four little forest friends were gathered together once again about the little make-believe cave on the hillside. Cinnamon sat braiding three vines to make his tiny swing.

"Look!" He kept holding it up for the others to see.

Inside the cave, Tiny Turtle was

scratching out a round niche in the wall to make a cupboard for the acorn cups that Sammy Squirrel had brought.

Such happy chatting time there was on the hillside!

"Isn't your cave fun?" Cinnamon Bear asked Cuddle when all was finished.

Cuddle Bear stood very still and looked first at Cinnamon Bear, then Sammy Squirrel, then Tiny Turtle.

"It is not my cave. It is *our* cave," Cuddle Bear told them.

For down deep inside that fuzzy little head of his, Cuddle Bear knew now that the finest cave in Piney Forest could bring no fun at all unless there was someone to play with and share the building with him.

By Katherine Aldrich Murdoch

Tongue-Twisters

IT'S SUCH A strong rain, Caesar Augustus," Tommy Drake's lips trembled a little as he petted his big gray-and-white cat while they sat in the window seat looking out at the rain. "It's not a nice rain at all. It has stirred up the mud everywhere and it jumps way up when it hits the ground. Why did it have to rain today and spoil our picnic?"

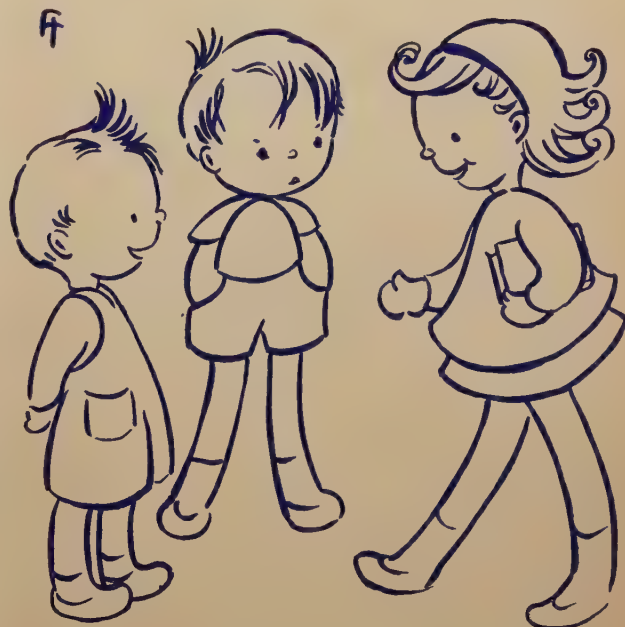
For a week Father had promised to take him fishing over at the Mill Pond. Mother had promised to make them a real picnic lunch to carry with them.

Everything had gone wrong. First, it had begun to rain in torrents. Then, Grandmother had been taken sick, so Mother was busy taking care of her. She had looked so worried when she had kissed him and asked him to sit quietly that he had promised to do his best.

Lois, Tommy's big sister, was in the kitchen making a large birthday cake. His nine-year-old sister Mary and their cousin Jane were sitting in the same room with him, giggling softly to themselves. "How silly they are," thought Tommy.

"Here's a tongue-twister," Mary giggled, saying some funny-sounding words. "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

"Oh, that's an old one," Jane laughed. "Here's a better one. Six silly sailors sitting on a sinking ship, sipping sickly seething soup, seeking safety."



They tried to say it very fast, but they didn't get it right. Their words bumped together and skidded and didn't make sense. Then they giggled so much they couldn't talk at all.

"What's a tongue-twister, Mary?" Tommy asked.

Mary and Jane burst into louder laughter at this question.

"You wouldn't understand, you're only four," Mary said importantly.

"I'll be five next week," Tommy said hotly.

But they didn't pay any attention. Jane made up a little song about his question:

Tell me, tell me, Mister
What is a big tongue-twister?

(Continued on page 29.)

WE WERE SITTING beside the last embers of the evening campfire, locked in silence, the quiet darkness closing about us. The wind spoke softly in the oaks towering overhead. The day had been a busy one, filled with the usual camp activities. Shortly before, the campers had made their way to their bunks, happily chattering about a thousand things of interest. Only Jerry and I remained. The fire died lower. Suddenly, releasing his pent-up thoughts, Jerry burst the silence with, "I wish my dad was like you."

"Why, Jerry? How do you mean?" I asked. I knew the boy's father, knew him to be a fine and effective Christian man.

"I don't know. It's just that he never talks to me like you do. He's always riding me. Nothing I do ever really seems to please him. He finds fault with the gang of fellows I run with. He sounds off about the things we do for fun. The things he wants me to do, like schoolwork and Scouts, they're never done good enough to suit him."

"Is he right about the gang and about your school and Scout work, Jerry?" I asked.

"I don't know. Maybe he is. But that isn't what I mean. You're different. You trust a fellow. You even trust us to make our own mistakes. Sure, you let us know you know what we're doing. But you don't get sore about it. You try to get us to see what's wrong, so we'll know ourselves, and know what to do next time. You help a guy, instead of riding him. You're different."

A sense of heavy responsibility swept over me. For I'm not different! I have the same problem with my own children. Although they are small and the problem is not yet intensified as it will be, I see the foreshadowing of it in so many little ways. I silently prayed God for grace and wisdom, both to guide Jerry to a richer understanding and appreciation of his family life, and to live in love and trust with my own growing children.

The most frequent question raised in camp during those quiet moments of sharing, between the individual boy or girl and the camp counselor is that which Jerry raised. It comes in a thousand different guises. Essentially it is always the same. It deals with the relationship of the adolescent to home and parents. Its source is found in the very fact of growth itself. It is found on the way of every youth as he winds his tortuous course through the mountains of parental authority and the marshes of self-will, seeking always the outlet to the open sea of self-reliance.

A survey of the confidential information sent by the parents, as their children prepare to come to camp, shows that this question looms large in parents' thinking. When asked what they desire the camp to do for their children, they evidence their concern through their answers. "Help her to gain emotional stability." "Give him more confidence

and more respect for authority." "Guide him to more independence." "Teach her a sense of responsibility and of the need of doing more than the minimum required." "Teach him to stay with a task until completed." "Help her realize the privileges and responsibilities of family living."

These are typical of the answers we receive. Their content indicates, for the most part, a healthy recognition on the part of Mother and Dad of the need for careful guidance for son or daughter into psychological and spiritual maturity.

Recognizing a need, however, does not guarantee an automatic solution. Children of many of these same parents, in seeking guidance for personal problems, give ample evidence that Mother and Dad, possessing knowledge of the fact that guidance is necessary, do not possess the wisdom to give it.

Sarah came to camp from a cultured home, a Christian home. A detailed letter from her father made clear their many plans and activities effected for Sarah's guidance. She was sent to camp in order that she might know the experience of being away from home and on her own for the first time. They wanted her to become self-reliant.

Sarah hadn't been in camp two hours until she was in her counselor's hair. Two days and she was

Somehow, the informal atmosphere of a summer camp unleashes pent-up thoughts and feelings—yes, even teen-agers will discuss their problem of growing up at home



Camp Confidence

By Robert Steiger

the pest of the camp. She was emotional and high-strung. She was moody and defiant. She was tearful and submissive.

Then a wise counselor brought the facts to light. This was not her first time "on her own." She had been alone right at home all her life. Mother and Dad had used knowledge in her guidance, but love and wisdom had been absent. They'd done all for her that the books advised, but they had little real affection and understanding to bestow upon her. She had been the object of the family's actions, not a member in its endeavors. She was thus set apart, alone and lonely in her own home. Here, in camp, for the first time she had been placed in a situation where she could become a member of the group, could belong. She didn't know how! She had constructed a life outlook "on her own," and rebelled against belonging.

I wish I could report success with Sarah, but I

cannot. Her problem, along with her own childish solution, had become so deep-seated that her whole personality was affected. Her only hope lies in psychiatric treatment, and even this her parents refuse to see.

Knowledge comes from human experience, shared through books and word of mouth. Knowledge is good; it is, in fact, essential. It is, however, no substitute for wisdom. And wisdom comes from God. The camp counselor is privileged to see, as few are, the value of God-given wisdom in the understanding and guidance of a growing boy or girl. It is a humbling experience to have them come to you in simple confidence and pour out the matters closest to their hearts. It drives you again and again to the quiet presence of God, to open your soul and seek His wisdom. It impresses upon you the importance of leading parents to use this seeking for divine wisdom.

One has occasion, too, to utter prayers of thanksgiving for the wise Christian parents about whom he learns. Not all boys and girls are plagued with the problem of growing up at home. Some of them are intrigued by it, find it largely an enjoyable and wholesome experience, and recognize it as such. These are the ones whose parents teach the counselor through the lives of the children they are rearing. Here is Reita, bright and eager for every day's activity, mature and helpful beyond her years. Here, too, is Carl, slow and plodding, but thorough and methodical in all he does. Sharon happily anticipates her parents' visit so she can show



"You're different. You trust a fellow. You even trust us to make our own mistakes. Sure, you let us know you know what we're doing. But you don't get sore about it. You try to get us to see what's wrong, so we'll know ourselves. . . . You help a guy instead of riding him. You're different."

them the camp shelter she has made and share with them the joy and pride of having made it. These and many others bring to camp the love and understanding that have been woven into the very fabric of their lives.

The counselor's ideal way and the ideal way of the parent are the same. To know, to love, to seek, to understand, to trust, to forgive, to sustain, to lead to renewal, to inspire, to teach, to set free—these are both method and goal. These things come, not by technique, although each has its particular techniques. These come by a child-like seeking, on the part of either parent or counselor—a seeking from the Father who first guides each of us in all of these ways.

The wise counselor is not happy when told, "I wish my dad was like you." He sees the tragedy of misunderstanding and stress that lie within a life. He sees a family that needs the breath of life from God. The counselor is happiest when, through the youth, he can see the sturdy home life and know the compliment of being associated with it, as on the occasion when Pat said to me, "I like you. You're just like my dad!"



The camp counselor is privileged to see, as few are, the value of God-given wisdom in the understanding and guidance of a growing boy or girl.



NINE POINTS OF EMPHASIS IN FAMILY LIFE EDUCATION

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE for programs of family in the church? How can we develop a program that will result in the spiritual enrichment and training of our families? What steps must we take to have some group in our church assume responsibility for this important area of work? Many questions like these are being asked daily by church leaders who are becoming increasingly aware of the importance of developing programs that will promote Christian family life, provide guidance for parents, and establish a better working relationship between the home and the church.

Obviously, those who are chosen by the church to administer its total program of Christian education, namely, the board or committee of Christian education, should consider family life education as one of their major areas of concern and responsibility. However, the actual planning and carrying out of family life programs may be delegated by the board or committee to certain individuals, to special groups, or to a subcommittee.

Some boards or committees of Christian education may prefer to handle all matters that are related to family life education, making necessary assignments from time to time. In other churches they may wish to delegate this responsibility to the committee on adult work, or to a subcommittee on home and church, composed of representatives of the three age groups.

For best results in developing an integrated program of family life, all planning in this area of work should clear through the board or committee of Christian education in order to prevent duplication of effort, and to encourage the cooperation of all groups within the church that have an interest in family life.

Many local church workers who carry responsibility for family life education are constantly in search of ideas and emphases that will improve their ministry to the family. Undoubtedly, such persons will find the following "Nine Points of Emphasis in Family Life Education" helpful and thought-provoking:

1. Encourage parents to meet regularly for study and discussion. In these meetings opportunity should be given for parents to discuss mutual concerns of home and family life, to share experiences, and to discover Christian answers to problems of parenthood.

Churches that do not provide discussion sessions for parents may wish to consider such possibilities as: a Hearthstone fellowship (meeting monthly in a home); a mothers' club; afternoon forums with special speakers; a parents' class; Sunday evening meetings (preceding the church service); a parent-teacher council.

2. Promote a wider use of *Hearthstone* magazine. Make this very fine magazine available to every family, emphasizing the excellent enrichment articles for parents, as well as the timely devotional materials for families with young children.

Place copies for sale on the church literature table.

Appoint a *Hearthstone* secretary who will receive copies on

consignment every month, selling or distributing them to interested parents.

3. Make good literature available on Christian home and family life. Assemble a family reading table or bookshelf that will contain a selection of the best books, pamphlets, and magazines on family life. Encourage parents to borrow this literature from week to week.

4. Distribute timely leaflets or other materials. There are many occasions when materials on various aspects of Christian family life can be distributed to good effect, including monthly meetings, Sunday morning class sessions, church services, and special celebrations at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter.

5. Observe National Family Week. This observance is held annually during the first full week in May (ending with Mother's Day), and is celebrated by all denominations and religious bodies within the United States. It is a time when churches give special recognition to the family as a center of primary religious growth and nurture.

During this week the church might conduct special services on the theme of family life, group meetings for parents, and various community projects for family betterment.

6. Stimulate interest in family worship. Present periodic programs that are related to family worship, using dramatic and audio-visual materials.

Urge every church family to use *The Secret Place* for individual and family devotions.

Distribute leaflets on how to conduct family worship.

Perhaps the pastor will want to preach sermons on family worship and its significance.

7. Conduct family nights at church. Few programs develop a better spirit of family fellowship than family nights at church when entire families gather for fun, sociability, devotions, and enrichment. The use of timely

films, plays, and play-readings will provide added inspiration.

8. Schedule special courses of study. Urge your board or committee of Christian education to schedule special courses every year on boy-girl relations, preparation for marriage, Christian homemaking, and parenthood.

9. Visit every church family. Conduct an annual visitation of every church home for the purpose of getting better acquainted with each family, and of learning about needs or problems that the church might serve.

In making such visits leave a copy of *HEARTHSTONE*, *The Secret Place*, a leaflet on Christian family life, or other material.

Let's Move to the Country

(From page 19.)

branch library in the city, and Sally found herself before long a member of the library board, helping to decide how the library funds should be spent.

Sally and Russ recall with a smile that it took an intensive evangelistic effort in the local church and a revitalized young couples fellowship to persuade them to transfer their church membership from the prominent city church to the small village church. But now they know how much their own efforts count: Russ as captain of the Boy Scout troop, Sally as Primary superintendent. They could have avoided such responsibility in the city church: in Belleville it has become the means toward their own spiritual growth.

They have decided that what they really value for themselves and their family they are finding abundantly in rural and small town life.



PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER

By Ruth C. Ikerman

Fighting Fear

Dear Heavenly Father:

Please help us cast fear out of our hearts as we face problems and emergencies.

Hear our thanks for the wonderful examples we have in the Bible of those who have been able, by Thy help, to overcome their fears: Daniel, who was led through the lions' den and the fiery furnace; Peter, who managed even to walk on the waters so long as he kept his eyes on his master and obeyed. So, as we approach our own fires of frustration and walk amid the waters of despair, keep fear out of our own hearts.

If we must open a starred telegram, may it be with the certain knowledge that Thou wilt give us courage to face whatever we must. Steady our hand as we pick up the telephone receiver to get the doctor's report.

In all the confusion of today's world, let us hear the echo of a voice beloved, "Fear not, little flock, it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Trusting in that eternal kingdom, help us live daily without fear.

Amen.



When the family Plays

By Loie Brandom

DAD, CATCH!" And Don whizzed a fast ball across the lawn toward where his father was standing. A quick reach of Dad's long arm, a short wind-up and the ball was on its way back to Don's glove.

Don, his brother Jack and two sisters, Jane and Millie, are lucky. Their parents like to play with them. Dad never seems too busy to join in their games, or help them invent new ways of play. And Mother never seems too tired to pack a lunch basket and gather up the extra wraps, raincoats, bathing suits and other equipment for a day's outing or a weekend camping trip.

And these children never seem to be at a loss for games to play, in spite of the fact that they have no really expensive play material. Balls, gloves and bats, bean bags, hoops, old rubber inner tubes, and a length of rope just about make up their entire equipment. But, like the early American Indian children, they always seem able to find material with which to make their own play-things.

For example, one of the children's favorite games is one the Indians have played for years without number. It sounds simple but is really fun. The Indians used peach or plum stones, pebbles or nuts to throw from a distance into a bowl, basket, or simply a hole dug into the ground. The players, each with the same number of stones, toe a line one at a time, and throw or toss their stones into the hole. The number of stones landing in the hole are returned to the thrower each time, the rest going into a reserve pile. The line is then moved back a few feet, and each player gets a turn of throwing the stones he has left, from this greater distance. Each one again receives only the return of those stones he lands in the hole. The distance of the throw is increased again, and the game continues until only one stone lands in the hole, and its owner wins the game.

The Indian children used to make their balls out of moss or buffalo hair, covered with buckskin. Or out of yucca leaves rolled into a ball. Their darts were corncobs. At one end of the cob two feathers were attached. At the other end there was a slender pointed stick. They used the yucca-leaves ball to play a game with this self-made equipment. The ball was laid on the ground, and the players threw their darts at it. If the first dart stuck in the ball, it stayed there while the second player threw. If his dart stayed in the ball too, there was a tie score. When all the players had tried their skill, the

Dad never seems too busy to play with them. . . . They never seem to be at a loss for games to play, though they have no expensive play material.



player who had pierced the ball with his dart the greatest number of times, won.

Don's family likes to play tag games and they know a long list, but perhaps the one they like best is **Shadow Tag**, for which no equipment is necessary. This game is especially good for late afternoon when the sun is low and casting long shadows. They choose a catcher, and the other players try to keep the catcher from stepping on their shadows.

There are two ways this can be done. Either by throwing themselves flat on the ground so they will not have a shadow to be stepped on, or by running to one of the shady places, called *bases*, where no shadow can be cast. Of course, if they go to a base they can stay there only until the catcher counts twenty-five; then they must again join the game. When one is caught, he becomes catcher. They like to play this game at the beach or seashore where there is no shade to hide in, and of course, Dad and Mom have the most trouble keeping from being caught because their shadows are so big.

Stop is another game these children enjoy playing. A child is blindfolded and handed a tin cup which he holds at arms' length. When everything is ready, the child says, "Sand, please." The leader then starts pouring sand into the cup quite slowly and says, "You say the word." The blindfolded player tries to determine when the cup is full, from its weight and must say "Stop," before any sand spills out of the cup. If he allows any sand to spill, he is out of the game without a score. If not, the leader measures the amount of sand in the cup, and the player having the largest amount of sand in his cup, wins the contest.

For the game **Sit Down**, flat stones are used for seats, and they are arranged in a circle, with some distance between each two seats. A leader is chosen who stands in the center of the circle. The other players each sit on a flat stone. When the leader throws a ball into the air, every player must jump up and run to the stone seat next to him on his right. The play progresses around the circle thus. If the

leader can catch the ball in time to throw it and hit a player before that player is seated on the stone to which he has been heading, they exchange places. The winner is the one who can keep from being hit, or acting as leader.

There are many other games Don and his brother and sisters and their pals like to play—games that can be enjoyed out-of-doors almost anywhere without any long hunt for special playtime equipment.

Family Counselor

Jimmy's dad is teaching him to be a failure. Think twice before you coddle a youngster unduly. Thousands of such men have developed schizophrenia within a few weeks after induction into the armed forces. They are often the shy, sensitive sons who never were taught to be self-reliant.

Jimmy W., aged 4, is an only child. "Dr. Crane, my husband and I haven't been away alone on a vacation since our marriage," Jimmy's mother informed me. "We are now thinking of taking a little pleasure trip next month. I thought it would be nice if we could leave Jimmy with his grandparents or my married sister. But my husband thinks Jimmy is too young to be deprived of both parents. He says we should wait for another year or two. But he has been saying this for the past three seasons.

"I am certainly devoted to my boy, but I think it would be better for him and for us if we were apart for a couple of weeks. Jimmy would be with loved ones, so I doubt if he would be very homesick. I have even asked Jimmy about it, and he says it's all right for us to go off on a trip without him."

HOW INSANITY STARTS

Forget Jimmy for a moment and consider the fact that in the army and navy we have had thousands of soldiers develop insanity within a few weeks after induction into

military service. They have often been excessively coddled at home. So they learned to lean unduly upon fond-mama or papa. Without realizing the grave danger that was going to mar their children's happiness, such devoted parents are at least partially responsible for the insanity of such children. Indeed, schizophrenia (formerly called "dementia praecox") is largely a mental disease that misguided parents actually steer their children into.

BIRD PSYCHOLOGY

Jimmy's mother would shed a few tears at parting from her son, as might his father, but these tears are good insurance for the boy's later social independence and sanity.

Take a lesson from the mother bird, who keeps pushing her fledgling out upon his own resources, hoping he will soon be able to fly and thus become self-reliant. She loves her fledgling and will actually dart into the face of a cat, jeopardizing her own life to protect her young. But she seems to know that the problem of parenthood is to make self-reliant, self-sufficient children!

Whenever you coddle your child unduly and even unintentionally cause him to lean on you as his bulwark of protection against the cold, cruel world, you are predisposing him toward insanity.

DON'T SHOCK CHILDREN

Don't suddenly send your child among strangers, however, and

then run away for your own vacation. Start at the cradle and gradually get him used to some of his relatives. After he knows and loves them, then let one of them stay at home with him while his parents go to the movies. Next, let him spend the afternoon with his grandparents or other relatives. Then send him on a weekend visit with them or with his cousins. You may shed a tear or two, but you are building self-reliance. And those few tears are nothing to what you'll shed when you see your coddled adult son or daughter staring at the wall in a mental sanitarium.

Mrs. Crane and I have farmed out our youngsters to various relatives on so many occasions that they don't mind being away from us. By the age of ten, they have all attended a church summer camp without seeing anybody from home for a week.

This isn't callousness on the part of parents, but good sense and sound child psychology. Jimmy's father today is doing him a serious injury by refusing to let him stay with some familiar loved one while his parents go on a vacation.

Send for the 100-point "Test for Good Parents," enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope, plus a dime. Address your letter in care of this magazine.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(Biblegram, page 7.)

The righteous flourish like the palm tree, and grow like a cedar in Lebanon. They are planted in the house of the LORD,

they flourish in the courts of our God.

—Psalm 92:12-13

The Words

A Rodeo	L Hoist
B Cheek	M Wealth
C Chalk	N Gather
D Hotel	O Faint
E Fourth	P Froth
F Shied	Q Early
G Untrue	R Stone
H Humble	S Retain
I Relief	T Droop
J Lounge	U Daisy
K Hunger	V Soiled

W Point

Persnickety Snick

(From page 9.)

"I could see your thoughts with my magic glasses. When I wear them I can see what goes on in everybody's mind."

"Magic glasses!" Patty repeated. "Let me use them."

"No, but you tell me what you want to know about, and I'll look up the answer."

"Can you really find out just anything that I want to know?"

"Sure I can. Just give the question that will bring you happiness, and I'll give you the answer very soon. Won't that prove that these are magic glasses?"

"I hate to tell you, for we don't know each other very well yet."

"You want to be happy again, don't you, Patty?" (He knew her name!)

"All right, here is the question—I want to know . . . I want you to find out if my mother and daddy love me just a little yet since my baby brother came."

"I'll be glad to find out for you. I'll have the answer tomorrow for you."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Persnickety Snick."

Patty repeated, "Persnickety Snick, Nickety Nick, Bickety, Dickety, Nickety Nick."

"Oh, now you've made it too long. It's very simple—Persnickety Snick."

"Shall I meet you here in the apple tree tomorrow?"

"Yes, I'll be here with my magic glasses and the answer tomorrow."

JUST THEN Patty saw Miss Kate's car drive into the yard next door. She hurried through the secret hole in the hedge to greet her. Miss Kate had many books and papers to take into her house. "What's on your mind today?" Miss Kate asked. Miss Kate didn't begin to talk about the baby as everyone else did. She talked to Patty, about Patty.

"I won't stay, for it's a weekday and I know you are busy, but a while ago I heard a voice, up in the apple tree."

Miss Kate sat down on a lawn chair under the tree. "I'm not too busy to hear about a voice in the apple tree." She looked at Patty and smiled, "Do you think it was a fairy?"

Patty wasn't really sure when she answered, "I didn't see it, Miss Kate. It just talked to me. It might have been. It said its mother was a hummingbird and its father was a grasshopper."

"Did you ask its name?"

"Yes, I know the name—it's Persnickety Snick. Yes, I'll call it *he* when we talk about him."

"What did you talk about?"

"He said his business was to make people happy."

"That's a good business, Patty. I

thought that you and I had been in that business for a very long time."

"Well, things have been a little different for me since I have my new baby brother, Little Nick," Patty admitted.

Miss Kate looked surprised. "We talked about Little Nick before he came from the hospital."

"Things haven't been quite like I had thought they would be. That's why I didn't tell you about it before." Patty pushed her hands deep into the pockets of her blue jeans, looked at the ground for just a minute, and blinked back a tear.

Miss Kate didn't notice the tear. "Of course, Patty, we have had so many other things to talk about. The time is so short on Saturday."

Patty wished the lump in her throat would go away. It made it hard for her to talk and not sound like a baby herself. "I thought things would be different. I thought maybe they'd let me hold his bottle, button his dress, put on his socks, or bring a dry diaper—just anything—but they never do."

Miss Kate seemed to know how hard it was to talk about the baby. She changed the subject. "Tell me more about Persnickety Snick, Patty. How can he help make people happy?"

"He has a special pair of glasses. When he puts them on, he can see what people are thinking," Patty replied.

"Can he see their thoughts?" asked Miss Kate. "Without them saying a word?"

"Yes, he doesn't have to hear a word. He can look and know."

"Did you ask him to find out something for you?" Miss Kate asked.

"Yes, I did. I asked him to find out whether my daddy and mother still loved me—just a little—since I have my baby brother Nick."

"Did he promise to find out for you?" Miss Kate asked.

"Yes, he'll let me know—maybe tomorrow. I'm going to meet him again in the apple tree."

THEN PATTY remembered that Miss Kate was always busy when she first came home. Long ago Mother had explained that Miss Kate spent her day with little children, and Patty must do her visiting on Saturday. "I'm sorry I made a visit on a weekday," Patty explained, "but we had talked and read about fairies so often, I thought I should tell you today about Persnickety Snick."

Patty skipped away down the driveway. It seemed as if her feet had wings. A talk with Miss Kate always filled her day with sunshine and made her feel like a wonderful fairy queen. Just as she reached the street, Miss Kate called to her, "Patty, I have an errand for you. Could you come back?"

Patty raced back to the porch. Miss Kate was writing on a note pad. She waited quietly while Miss Kate finished. "Will you give this note to your daddy when he gets home this evening? I want him to come over this evening."

Give HEARTHSTONE for a Gift!

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Democracy Is Homemade
Shall We Move to the City?
Doing What Comes Naturally
The Christian Woman in Business

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2700 Pine Blvd., St. Louis 3, Mo.

The American Baptist
Publication Society
1703 Chestnut, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

have some things to talk to him about." She smiled as she gave Patty the note. "Your daddy and I haven't talked about how high we will let the hedge grow this year."

"Does the note say what time this evening he is to come?" Patty asked.

"Yes, it will be after your bedtime. So you'll not be able to come along this time. But you must come to see me tomorrow, just as soon as I get home from school. I want a report on your visit with your new friend, Persnickety Snick. You won't forget to come, will you, Patty?"

Patty put the folded note deep in the pocket of her blue jeans. Wearing blue jeans did have its good points, for she always had pockets where she could carry her prized possessions. Today she had bits of ribbon and bright stickers from packages for Little Nick.

Little Nick had received so many beautiful gifts. It had been just like Christmas for him. It had seemed strange that someone hadn't added a hair bow or a bright pair of socks for Patty. Just yesterday there had been a soft woolly blanket for Little Nick and a lacy pink gown for her mother. The package made the room smell so nice when it was opened—like apple blossoms. But there wasn't a thing in the package for Patty.

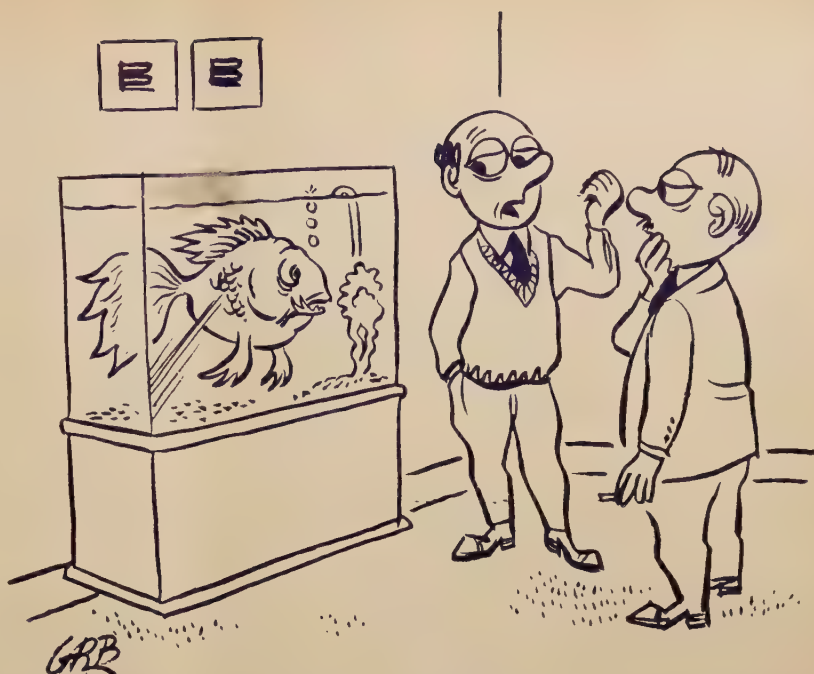
When Patty came to the kitchen door she could hear her mother talking on the telephone. Her mother was telling someone that Little Nick had a heat rash and was "fretful." Patty didn't quite understand what "fretful" meant, but she knew when anyone said it about the baby, it was a good idea to play in the yard and stay "out from under foot."

Patty decided to play in the sand pile until her daddy got home and she could give him the note. She kept thinking about the magic glasses. If she had a pair, she would know what everyone was thinking. No one could keep a secret from her. But if she had them, then she would never get a surprise. A surprise was such fun. Maybe it was just as well that she didn't own magic glasses. What did they look like, Patty wondered; and what did Persnickety Snick look like?

Then she began to say words aloud—it was fun to hear how they sounded: "Persnickety Snick, Nickety Tick, Tickety Nickety, Rickety Nick." She tried them out again. "Nickety Nick, Tickety Tick, Bickety, Dickety Kickety Kick." Before Patty even thought, the sand bucket went sailing through the air. She had kicked a big dent in the side.

Just then she heard her mother call out. "Young lady, what do *you* think you are doing with your toys—and all that noise and chattering!"

When her daddy came Patty gave him the note from Miss Kate. He said he would go see Miss Kate before he went to bed, just as she said in the note; but he didn't act as if he really wanted to.



"When I started out I also had a couple dozen guppies and some goldfish"

The next morning when Patty opened her eyes, her daddy was standing by her bed. He said, "How is my blue-eyed sweetheart today?" Then he picked her up and carried her to the bathroom. Patty was so pleased. He hadn't carried her in his arms since the baby came. Patty could hear Little Nick crying in the next room. She knew he was still fretful, but Daddy didn't seem to notice it. He buttoned her up and washed her face and hands and then gave her her pink silk housecoat to put on that Miss Kate had made by hand. He carried her out to the breakfast table and put her down on the chair next to his. Patty was surprised to see that Daddy had waited to eat his breakfast with her. He *never* visited with anyone at breakfast even before Little Nick came.

"Miss Kate and I had a long visit last night about you," her daddy said. "I brought a new book over for us to read together." Then they had a nice visit about the new book and when they would begin to read together. Before he reached for his hat, he bent over and kissed Patty on the back of her neck. Daddy said, "Patty, I love you very much. If you have a dozen brothers and sisters, remember you were my first love. When I was in the war, I said a prayer to God every day that I'd get to come home just to see you." He kissed her again on the back of her neck. "You and I are going to have to help mother with Little Nick, but I'll read to you *every* night and we'll say a prayer, too, just as I did during the war. We'll thank God every day for our home and family."

Then her mother left the baby in his bed and put pins in Patty's hair so she

would have curls when her daddy came home. Mother said, "I'll find someone to do the ironing, so you can wear a dress every afternoon."

When it came time for Little Nick to have his orange juice, Mother let Patty hold the bottle. Patty got the dry diapers each time one was needed. Mother put her arms around Patty just before she went out to play and said, "Patty, I love you very much. Since I came from the hospital I get tired very quickly. I need you to help do things for me and Little Nick."

Patty felt as if her feet had wings as she hurried to her place in the apple tree. She heard a buzzing sound. Then she felt something on the back of her head. "Is that you, Persnickety Snick?" she asked. "I have the answer. My mother and my daddy both love me. They love me very much. You can find someone else today. I'm happy. . . . I don't need you."

She hurried back to the house to see whether Little Nick needed another dry diaper.

Tongue Twisters

(From page 21.)

They kept saying it over and over. Tommy started to answer them but he remembered the worried look on Mother's face so he kept quiet. The girls got tired of teasing him and ran to the attic to play with paper dolls. Tommy got up and went into the kitchen.

In the middle of the kitchen table was a beautiful birthday cake. It was all fluffy white, trimmed with pink and green candies.

Mother came into the kitchen to fill

the hot water bottle. She smiled at him, and he felt warm and good inside.

"Mother," Tommy asked, "what is a tongue-twister?"

"Oh, something that is very hard to say," Mother answered, as she lifted a tray and the hot water bottle and went down the hallway toward Grandmother's room.

"I don't believe one will be missed, Caesar," Tommy told the cat as he took one piece of candy from the top of the cake. He took another, and another.

At that moment he heard Mother and Lois coming.

"Oh, Mother, just look what that horrid old cat has done! He's licked the candies off my cake. You bad, bad cat!" Lois cried, grabbing Caesar Augustus around the middle and slapping him on the back.

It was hard for Tommy to say that he had taken the candy. The words wouldn't come. Oh, Tommy thought, this must be a tongue-twister. Mother had said that it was something that was very hard to say, and this was awful, awful hard to say.

"Lois, don't hit Caesar. I — I — I did it," Tommy cried.

"Why, Tommy, you shouldn't have done that! Lois had some candies left and she would have given you some if you had asked her," Mother said gently. But I think I can fix it as good as new," Mother spoke in her warm, easy voice that made things smooth and right.

"Don't you think you ought to tell Lois that you are sorry?"

Tommy tried to speak the words, but it was hard to get them out of his throat.

"Oh, Mother," he cried, rubbing his cheek against her shoulder, "this must be another tongue-twister."

"What do you mean?" Mother asked.

"You said that something hard to say is a tongue-twister. It was hard to say that I ate the candies, and it's hard to tell Lois I'm sorry. So I guessed they are tongue-twisters, aren't they?" Mother smiled her warm smile and kissed him. "Yes, I guess they are," she said. Tommy told Lois he was sorry. He felt good when she smiled at him and said it was all right. Tommy learned about tongue-twisters and now he felt good inside.

"Your Father and I . . ."

(From page 10.)

"I talked it over with your mother. She thinks it will be all right this time," is good. "Your mother and I think . . ." however, is ideal, and the child who hears that is indeed fortunate.

Of course, the child will eventually make his own decisions. The parents want him to make the right ones—the ones that will make him a good citizen of strong character, and a happily adjusted person. "What do you think about it, and why?" may force the boy

or girl to use some excuse other than, "But all the other kids are doing it!" A child who has all of his decisions made for him is apt to grow up with a total inability to make the smallest decision easily or alone. He is always wavering between one choice and another, never sure! How unfortunate this is!

"Your Father and I think . . .," coupled with "You used good judgment with your decision," means not only a close family relationship but a chance for growth on the part of the child who will, one day, be independent of both his father and his mother.

Write Letters This Summer

(From page 14.)

time she is using them in her letters anyway. And best of all, she is learning how to express her thoughts on paper!

Another great help for these beginning letter-writers is a children's illustrated

dictionary. My child has one and uses it constantly. She finds the picture of the word she wants to spell. And there beside the picture, she finds her word all spelled out in big black letters.

And just think how proud and happy you will feel next Christmas when you discover that your children wrote all their thank-you notes even before the last bit of tinsel was put away. And without even one prodding word from you! That is what happened to me, and I haven't gotten over it yet!

[*Easy Reading*, by Ellen Wales Walpole, published by John Day Company (\$1.00), is a simple dictionary for young children.—Ed.]

TREES

Answers to Rebus Puzzle
Rebus, page 14.

Top row (left to right): box elder, cedar, cherry, maple.

Second row: pear, fir, ash, balsam.

Third row: beech, birch, chestnut.

Bottom row: weeping willow, cottonwood, dogwood.

Hearth to HEARTHSTONE

From a New England College Professor

In a letter dated Colby Junior College, New London, New Hampshire, February 27, 1953, J. Duane Squires, chairman of the Department of Social Studies, has this to say:

"As a member of the Board of Education and Publication of the American Baptist Convention I write to offer my compliments on the HEARTHSTONE. I have gone through the issue for February which you recently sent me. I consider it one of the most interesting and useful magazines on my library table. You are really doing a job of which we can all be proud."

From California and Alabama

Harry B. Partin, associate minister of a Pomona, California, church, includes this comment in his letter of October 27, 1952: "May I say, sir, that HEARTHSTONE has become one of the finest family magazines I know. Our people read it."

Just before Christmas last year, a Fairfield, Alabama, woman wrote: "I enjoy HEARTHSTONE so much and am giving it to a family group for Christmas. Please send one year's subscription to . . . and please renew my subscription if and when it expires. I lose count of expiration dates, but do not want to miss an issue."

From a Philadelphia Editor

The associate editor of the *Baptist Leader* wrote this in a letter dated January 14, 1953: "Just a brief note of congratulations on the February issue of HEARTHSTONE. There are two things in particular which impressed me. One is the fine article on the Christian in medicine. This series has been a good one. The second item is the double-page spread on 'Resources for Worship.'

I think that you hit upon an excellent use of these two pages. The idea of making the material available for cutting out is excellent."

From a California Author

Writing from her home in Beverly Hills, February 23, 1953, Gene Moore says: "Thank you so much for the contributor's copy (November, 1952, HEARTHSTONE) with my 'Mr. Quiet and the Polkadot Moon' in it. It certainly was beautifully set up, and my thanks, too, for the Carmon V. Livsey illustration which added the perfect touch."

From a Roswell, New Mexico, Church Bulletin

"Have you seen the December number? It's simply 'beyond words.' New subscribers are Mr. and Mrs. Heston Cathey, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hurt, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Borgeson, Captain and Mrs. Emil Whitney and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gibbany. HEARTHSTONE should be in every church home. What about YOURS? Just call 1098."

More from the West Coast

The author of our feature, "Prayers of a Homemaker," tells us: "They have been widely used out this way and I hope have made friends for HEARTHSTONE. Last month I was invited to appear before a large woman's group (which happened to be political—a Republican area meeting) to read 'Prayer for America' from the November issue, in lieu of their calling in a man-preacher for the invocation. In addition to being used at Y.W.C.A. and local church circles, the monthly prayers have been read at the board meeting of the largest woman's club in this area, reaching women of many churches."

—I. P. B.



Books for the Hearth Side

FOR CHILDREN

A beautifully descriptive picture of a summer storm is in **The Storm Book** (Harper and Bros., 1952. Unpaged, \$2.00). The details of sight and sound, following the progress of the storm from its sultry beginning to its sweet, fragrant, cool ending, will delight children and adults as well.

Charlotte Zolotow has given the rhythmic text, and Margaret Bloy Graham the double-page colored pictures.

FOR ADULTS

Archer Wallace, Canadian author whose many books have cheered and helped many people, now sends his **The Autograph of God** (Macmillan, 1952. 150 pages; \$2.00) out to continue his ministry of encouragement and help. It is aimed to help people find a steady faith in a time of trouble and burdens. The author defends only one thesis, that God is good and that he can be found even when he seems most distant and hidden.

There are fifty-two brief messages that give a quick lift to the spirit if read at the close of the day's wearied round. If read in the early morning, they help one to greet the new day with a cheer. Here is practical good sense and good cheer.

★ ★ ★

Another devotional book prepared for daily use over a period of forty days is **A Lamp Unto My Feet**, by Wallace Fridy (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 1952. 128 pages; \$1.25). These daily messages were first delivered as sermons, then condensed and printed in a daily newspaper, and now appear in book form. They are helpful suggestions for everyday living that read easily and provide a period of pleasant inspiration to the reader. Some of the topics are: Falling in Love With Life; Lovely Music from Unlikely Instruments; Photograph as You Go; The Greatest Virtue; Pulling Out All the Stops; Making Sorrow Serve; When Are We Free; Vitamins for Faith's Deficiencies; A Club or a Cause.

★ ★ ★

Forty Days with Jesus, by M. E. Willecockson (Bethany Press, 1953. 112 pages; \$1.50), is a series of daily devotional meditations prepared for use during the period preceding Easter but which are equally helpful at any other season of the year. The author selects incidents in Jesus' life; some of his teachings; persons who worked with him, whom he met, and who opposed him as the basis for consideration. The implications of all these experiences for us today are pointed out and lead to a deeper desire to walk a little more closely in the footsteps of the Master.

★ ★ ★

Families with young children will find help in **Prayer Time**, compiled by Edward D. Staples (published by The Upper Room, 1952. 255 pages; 35 cents, or three copies for \$1.00). The compiler has asked a number of workers with children and parents to prepare devotional material to be used with small children. The material is assembled around eleven different themes, such as: God's Care; Love; Giving Thanks; Learning to Do Right; Friends; Helping Others. Special days also come in for specific treatment. A section on what worship means for young children and how to make

use of the opportunities that every day brings, opens the book. Here is a good gift for young parents faced with the opportunity of guiding the devotional development of their young children.

★ ★ ★

A new approach to the devotional use of the Bible is set forth in **The Upward Call**, by Henry David Gray (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 1952. 96 pages; \$1.25). The book was inspired by the demand of a group of young people for a book that would help the Bible come alive for them. It is written for young people particularly, but will be of help to all who are interested in the devotional use of the Bible.

The meditations of this book are all based on Paul's letter to the Philippians, and covers a series of daily readings over a period of twelve weeks. Nearly every verse in the letter receives treatment by the author.

★ ★ ★

A mother-nurse writes a book of practical, helpful advice to mothers in **How to Have a Happy Child**, by Beulah France, R. N. (Sterling Publishing Co., 1952. 130 pages; \$2.50). Milton Levine, prominent medical professor, writes an enthusiastic introduction to the book.

Mrs. France starts her book "In the Beginning," at the very moment of conception, and takes the reader along as the child and the problems develop together. The book is not written by chapters but by problem paragraphs chronologically in the life story of the child. Nearly every question and problem that can occur to one is dealt with from the time of pregnancy to the time your youngster goes to nursery school. Here is a book for every mother, but especially for every "first-time" mother.

★ ★ ★

Here is a book whose very title reveals its universal nature—**Peace, War and You**, by Jerome Davis (Henry Schuman, 1952. 282 pages; \$3.00. By sending direct to Mr. Davis at Promoting Enduring Peace, Inc., 489 Ocean Avenue, West Haven, Conn., you may purchase the book for \$1.00). Certainly no topics are more upon your lips and mine these days than "war" and "peace." Mr. Davis endeavors to stimulate our thinking as to what war means in these days and how vital it is for all of us to be "promoting enduring peace."

This reviewer guarantees this book will stimulate your thinking. If the author's ideas are given earnest attention, they will probably also stir your emotions. It is his hope that if your thinking and your emotions are stirred deeply enough, you will also be ready to will some action.

George Kennan recently said in a speech that it is probable that no two great powers could be so much at loggerheads as are Russia and the United States without some fault being found on both sides. Mr. Davis has documented that remark by pointing out where both sides are at fault. You will probably gasp many times at some of the statements and actions of many of our leading figures over the past ten or twelve years.

The author believes that "War—Our Deadliest Disease" is not inevitable, but that it will take our most earnest efforts to avoid it. This book deserves a wide reading, even though it will not receive complete agreement.



Over the Back Fence

July Jottings

... July, you remember, was originally the fifth instead of the seventh month of the year. In the Roman calendar it was designated *Quintilis*. When Julius Caesar died the name of the month was changed to *Julius* in his honor, since he was born in that month. . . . Sometime in July, for most of us, the summertime will be half gone. Youngsters, particularly, will suddenly be realizing that school days are only a few weeks away. Look at it this way—there is still a good part of the summer left, what can be done to make the best use of it? . . . Have you done anything together as a family yet this summer? Of course, you have, and you will use the rest of these summer days to strengthen the family ties that will mean so much in later years. . . . Make July 4 more meaningful this year. Help your family understand why we have such a day. Perhaps your community has some historic monument, museum, or building that would be interesting to visit together and help in gaining an understanding of citizenship responsibilities. . . . Remember! 1952 was the third successive year for an increase in traffic fatalities. America's streets and highways are more dangerous than Korea; 37,600 died on them last year. (Write to this magazine for the booklet, *Who . . . Me?* It contains the story in a humorously tragic form.)

Training for Independence

One of the functions of the family is to train its members to be independent. One of the most pathetic sights to be seen is that of a young person who has been over-protected by his family suddenly thrown on his own resources. Having had his decisions made for him he is usually completely bewildered when he must make his own. Phillip Wylie's charge of "momism" hurled at mothers of the men in the armed services originates out of this situation. Probably the only reason he has not charged fathers with "popism" is due to the too prevalent practice by

paternal parents of leaving "raising the kids" to mom!

At this point also lies the source of greatest tension between parents and young people. An outstanding characteristic of adolescence is the urge to independence. The question of, "How much independence?" is always with us when we think of growing girls and boys. The latter are always ready for more independence much faster than parents are ready to give it. It is a wise parent that knows when to grant independence to children who are ready for it.

July 4, Independence Day, is a reminder to parents that they must guide their children to a wise handling of this precious heritage.

Declaration of Interdependence

It has frequently been pointed out that this twentieth century needs a declaration of interdependence as much as or more than it requires a declaration of independence.

That is also true of the family. There is probably no unit of society that is more interdependent than the family. It is certainly true here, if anywhere that "we all need each other."

Families are intradependent. Each member of the family circle is dependent upon the others. What is so obvious in the case of an infant is probably no less true of all older members of a family group. It can be demonstrated, though space forbids the attempt here, that father is really just as dependent, in a different way, upon his one-year-old child as the child is upon its mother. What Paul said about the church is equally true of the family, "we are members one of another."

Families are interdependent. Each family is dependent upon other families in the community and in the world. In our world it is no longer unimportant to a family in Shotgun, Wyoming, what happens to a family on the island of Luzon in the Philippines.

Let us also declare our interdependence during this month set aside to celebrate our independence.



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... not more than three



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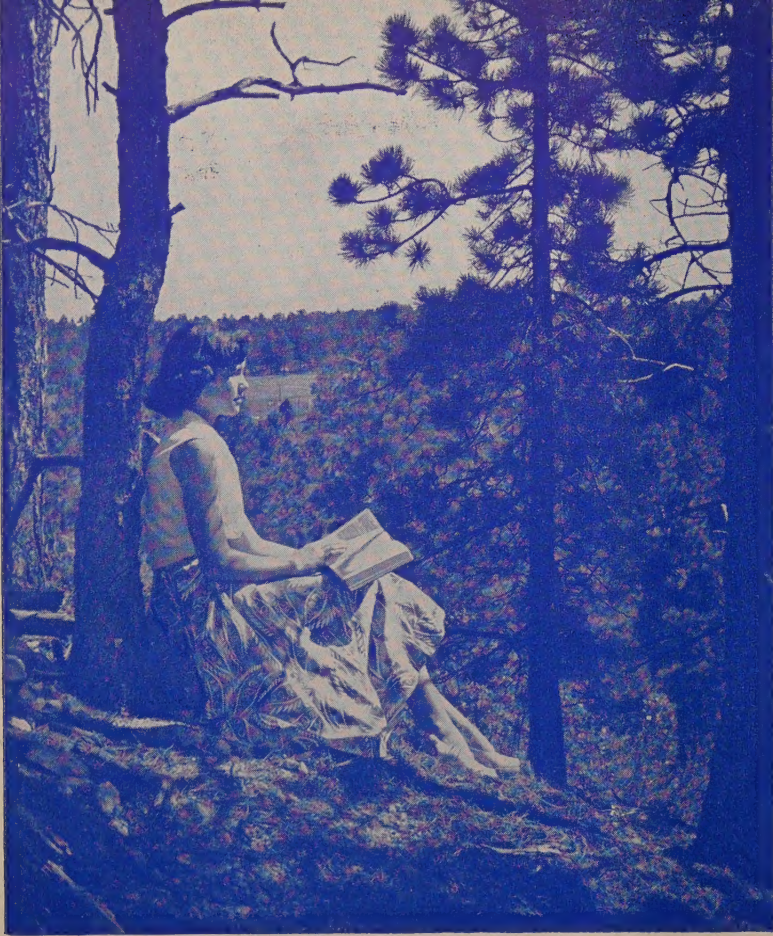
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